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*Mostly about People*

JULY, 1923



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VACATION DAYS IN NATURE'S PLAYGROUND OF THE WEST  
WHY GO ABROAD?

NOT England, France, and Italy combined—with Switzerland thrown in—can show so wide and varied, so beautiful and grand, so solemn and majestic scenery as we can find in America itself. From palms to glaciers, from violets to snow, from shining sand along the seashore to the living granite of the everlasting hills, Nature in wild profusion showered our country with sightly gifts



# Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ALL quiet on the Potomac" is a proper line for Washington in these July days of 1923. The Fourth of July celebration even lost its zip after the carnival celebrations of Junetime, which the people will have, despite the ban Senator Borah put on inauguration ceremonies in 1920. They get together and spend their own money, and make faces at Uncle Sam's stinginess in some ways and reckless Congressional expenditures in others, where it assists in keeping individual political fences in repair.

The Americans have the celebration habit which began with the ringing of the Liberty Bell and will continue 'till Gabriel's horn sounds "taps," and quite likely even this will be a celebration with flags and parades to commemorate the event.

When the Presidential party left for Alaska, the doors of the Presidential room at the palatial Union Station were thrown open and Washington cheered and made a fair, while Warren G. Harding, surrounded by secret service men, boarded the special train, and the throngs that looked on longed to beckon a red-cap and get on the train and go along.



AFTER a strenuous Junetime, which included the memorable Shriners' parade in which the Capital City appeared in the gala attire of inauguration time, Washington does not promise many lively incidents for the dog-day months. With the President in Alaska and vacation days at flood-tide, Washington seemed just a little quiet. Yet in these days of quietude there were little conferences here and there that indicated that the political pot for 1924 has begun to sizzle.

There were friends and friends of friends of various candidates meeting in a quiet way, planning for the convention. It was especially true among the friends of Democratic candidates. They have begun to realize that the germ that flowers into delegations is usually planted during the hot summer days of the preceding year.

The house-to-house candidacy, made periodically, would indicate that Mr. Ford started out at a hundred-pace clip, but the political wiseacres shake their head. It is always remembered that the candidate who starts so early is often frost-bitten. The pitiless glare of Presidential possibilities reaches far into the dark corners. The most likely candidates before the Convention prove all tail-enders when the votes are taken. It is recalled that President Harding's candidacy was far in the offing four years ago—scarcely given a consideration except by a group of earnest and enthusiastic personal friends. All this indicates that these July days are the time when politicians are busy, realizing that the world is off guard, the lines of political ambition are relaxed, and that is the time to be on the job.

A group of Presidential biographies are likely to blossom soon. The attitude of William Randolph Hearst in favoring first himself and then Senator Reid for the Democratic or third-party nomination indicates that the situation in 1924, aside from the possible renomination of President Harding, is likely to be scrambled.



*Hon. Scott C. Bone, Governor of the Territory of Alaska, is the host this month of the Harding party on the occasion of the first official visit of a President to this great wonderland on the shore of the Arctic Sea. It is expected, as a result of this personal visit of the Chief Executive, that a new era of industrial and commercial expansion is about to dawn for this vast treasure house of natural wealth, and that the conflicting elements of governmental regulation will be unified and co-ordinated*





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*The home of Thomas Jefferson, near Monticello, Virginia. The author of the Declaration of Independence, and the third President of the United States, retiring to private life at the end of his second term, after a continuous public service of more than forty years, remained until his death, in 1826, the most important personage in the country he had served so wisely and unselfishly for nearly half his lifetime*

THE pavements in Washington are hot in the summer time, but the sequestered nooks of Rocky Creek Park and the cool breezes sweeping over the Potomac at night now and then and the shaded nooks in and around Wardman Park indicate that while peace reigns the politicians at Washington still live.

The convention throngs have come and gone. The White House has the appearance of being "closed for the summer," but the flowers bloom, the grass grows and all Nature approaches that zenith turning point of July. The War and Navy department necessities of peace seem none the less exacting than the demands of wartime. War-time buildings are gradually coming down one by one, and the work of making Washington the Capitol Beautiful of the world is progressing.

In the meantime, the straggling tourist parties make the pilgrimage to the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial, for the spirit of patriotic interest cannot be quelled even in the hot waves of summer time.



WORK is now progressing on the Washington Memorial Building. It has had certain vicissitudes, but they are actually at work and the suggestion of Presidents and the dream of having a building in the city of Washington, a memorial of the first President of the United States, may be realized.

The Memorial is located on 6th Street, the very site of the Pennsylvania Station, where President Garfield was shot. It follows out the suggestion of George Washington and his first message when he said: "Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness." With a prophetic eye he saw the growth of prosperity over the country. He was fearful less the educational development of the country should be forgotten.

The new Memorial building will contain a seating capacity of seven thousand or more, and will follow out the wish of Washington, expressed in his farewell message: "Promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge." It is planned to have an endowment of five hundred thousand dollars for maintenance in order that conventions and societies from every state in the Union can use this building without charge for rental.

The control and administration of this memorial building when erected will be in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, of which the President of the United States is the presiding officer *ex officio*, and the Chief Justice the Chancellor.

Year after year prominent men have been interested in this Memorial and subscriptions have been raised for the building, which, combined with the governmental appropriations, it is hoped to make the three-million-dollar building a reality. It has been endorsed by many distinguished men, such as J. P. Morgan, Hon. James J. Hill, and many others. There was a hearty response among prominent public men in the subscriptions for the original enterprise, in order to have a building in which the government and the people have a joint ownership.

The south front of the building is to be on a line with the south front of the new National Museum Building, in the north end of the Smithsonian Park, and will fit in with the plans for government structures covering the area between the Capitol and the Washington Monument. The George Washington Memorial Association will have headquarters in the building and provide a Washington Museum, and they propose to make a feature of the auditorium as a memorial to the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

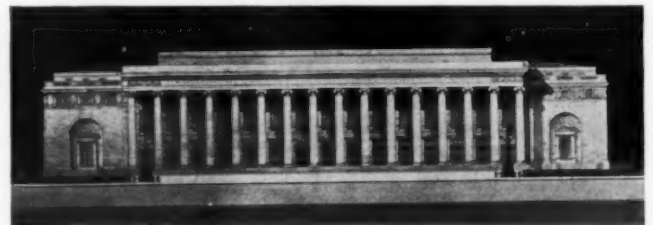


ABOUT this time" expect the launching of the usual lot of Presidential booms. Some indeed already have been launched upon the perilous flood of public opinion. Some candidates have placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of their friends. Some are so shy that they may have to be dragged bodily into the fierce light that beats upon an aspirant for electoral favor. Some are carefully brushing their hats before throwing them into the ring. Some are so coy that no expression of a desire to enter for the great quadrennial sweepstakes can be forced from their unwilling lips—who in strict privacy assume a furtive and expectant air that seems to whisper behind a concealing hand, "Barkis is willin'."

Not among the latter, however, is it possible to classify the astute and experienced William Gibbs McAdoo, whose "boom" has assumed the proportions and appearance of a carefully engineered campaign.

There are some political observers who maintain that Mr. McAdoo's chief object in choosing a California residence was to acquire by adoption the prestige of a western background for his Presidential aspirations.

Some mention of Oscar Underwood has been made as a possible candidate, and rumors to this effect persist despite his non-committal attitude on the subject when questioned by the newspaper men on his recent return with Mrs. Underwood from their European trip. He is not at any rate understood to



*The Washington Memorial Building now being built on the site of the Pennsylvania Station, where President Garfield was shot, is the visible realization of a long-existent dream that a fitting memorial of the Father of His Country might be erected in the National Capital to perpetuate his memory for all time*

be actively averse to the idea, if properly presented, and he is most certainly one of the strong men of his party, as well as an experienced and able legislator.

Then, too, Hiram Johnson's name crops up with unfailing regularity whenever one or two are gathered together in political discussion.

But hark! What is that sound reverberating from peak to peak of every mountain top and rolling like the crashing chords



of some gigantic organ from coast to coast and rumbling with a sound of distant thunder throughout the length of our great land? That sound reminiscent of a million boiler factories gone mad in one wild despairing effort to outdo each other's horrific din?

That's merely the campaign managers of the "Ford for President" boom assembling in their "flivvers" for a quiet week-end conference at Detroit.

By *Collier's* straw vote Mr. Ford is already safely elected by a strong plurality in all but six states of the Union—in one of which he is tied with Mr. Harding. Curiously enough, he swamps the latter in the President's own home state. But straw votes, interesting as they may be to show the trend of public opinion at a given time, are not a true index of political sentiment, and cannot be reckoned upon with any certainty in forecasting eventual results.

One thing is sure—there will be no dearth of possible candidates when the preliminary smoke of conflict has cleared away, and we may confidently look forward to a stirring Presidential campaign in 1924.

There will be but one name lacking—one familiar face we will not see. We shall meet, but we shall miss him; there will be one vacant chair. And some of us old-timers at political conventions will recall the golden oratory of William Jennings Bryan and sigh for the days when he, too, "swung round the circle" as a perennial candidate for the Presidency.



THERE is something classic in that name of Cassius, and there is something of classic endurance in the Congressman from Iowa who carries the name of the old Roman patriot, Cassius C. Dowell. He was born in Warren County, Iowa, but went to Des Moines early in life, to make his fortune. After graduating from the Drake University, he "hung out his shingle" and began the work of law.

He was first elected to the State Senate and then appeared as Congressman from Des Moines in the sixty-fourth Congress and has been re-elected continuously ever since. Cassius Dowell is a round, jolly-faced happy soul, and one of the few Congressmen who know just how to take care of constituents. He has not tried to get ahead of the other fellows, but has kept in close touch with his constituency and has been right there when there was work to do. In his committee responsibility, he has shown the painstaking care of one who knows things.

But if there is one thing that will bring a sparkle to the eyes of Cassius Dowell, mention Des Moines or the Imperial State of Iowa. He can sing the state song, "There's Where the Tall Corn Grows," in high tenor, low bass, or whatever the occasion may require, but he always sings it. He is an Iowan through and through.

When election time comes around, the voters of his district do not have to be introduced or stirred up in the spasm of a campaign to know what Cassius Dowell has been doing. He has a sort of a close partnership and association with his constituents and keeps them posted. Therein lies the reason for his re-election.



WITH the spirit of his Revolutionary sires, General Charles G. Dawes, as chairman of the Budget Committee, gave the United States his first successful budget report. And it was a real report. When General Dawes sets out with a definite purpose, nothing can stop him. Although a very kind and sympathetic man, when he was on the witness stand at a hearing in Washington, he made up his mind to make a dent in something and started with some expletives like "hell and Mira" that tingled the wires and made people sit up and take notice and say, "There's a fellow who is going to budge things."

General Dawes possesses frankness and candor, and his



*Hon. Cassius C. Dowell, Representative from the Seventh District of Iowa, is a mighty popular man out in the corn belt, as is proved by his continuous re-election to Congress*

experience as comptroller and in banking and general business experience gave him an idea of some of the loose things. When he sits back and smokes his pipe or his long cigar, looking toward the ceiling, you know something is coming, for Charles G. Dawes has long been recognized as one of the outspoken citizens of Chicago.

His experience in Europe, where he won special distinction in managing a budget under the most trying circumstances, served him well when he returned and picked up the loose threads of government affairs at home during peace times.



CONCLUDING an eight-months' investigation of the anthracite mining industry, the Federal Coal Commission, in a 27,000-word report made public on July 8, declared anthracite coal to be a limited natural monopoly, one-third exhausted, and affected by a public interest, which makes it a subject for especial governmental treatment.

The Commission opposes government ownership, but for the purpose of determining the effects of this natural monopoly upon the consumer recommends publicity through annual reports made to some governmental agency on forms prescribed thereby. The increasing cost of mining and distributing coal is traced so that the consumer may know the facts upon which wholesale and retail prices have doubled in ten years. In this it does not differ from other commodities, save that the soaring price did not drop in 1920.

The anthracite output has not kept up with the increase in population; nor, unless additional miners' helpers enter the industry, is there hope of increasing the output. The mines are now making a record in the way of production, but even yet are not using the mine and breaker to full capacity.

If the labor can be found, double shifts in the low-cost mines



*Among the most important industries of Alaska are the salmon fisheries, which do a business amounting to several million dollars annually. Here is shown a busy scene in a canning factory where the fish are being cleaned preparatory to packing*

would help to relieve the situation. Improved practices in the use of anthracite are urged, and recommendations made to reduce the number of market sizes, for better inspection of coal so as to guarantee quality, and the larger use of substitutes. The consumer can create a demand for substitutes that will serve as one form of insurance against unjust combinations of either labor or capital, and the consequent rising prices.

An extensive study was made of the living conditions of the miners' families, and the wages, earnings, and labor conditions of the mine workers form a large part of its report.

Having in mind the coal shortage of last winter, the public in general will be mostly interested in that part of the report relating to the chief problem of the Commission, which was to provide against a repetition of the situation that caused such widespread discomfort and distress.

In this connection the Commission makes two specific recommendations: first, that the anthracite contract shall not expire at the same time the bituminous one does, and that the contract shall provide for its renewal except as to any subjects which either side may desire to review and of which notice is given ninety days before the expiration of the contract.

If they have not agreed sixty days before such expiration, they shall report all the facts in the controversy to the President of the United States, who shall appoint one or more persons to investigate the controverted facts and make a public report thereon prior to the expiration of the contract.

Second, it also recommends that Congress shall give the President authority, in the event of the cessation of operations, to declare an emergency, take charge of the mines, fix the wages and the compensation to be paid the owner, subject to review by the Courts, and to distribute the product as he deems wise and just.



THE President's trip to Alaska is regarded as a voyage of discovery. He will also swing around by Porto Rico, and will be the only President who has made a tour of outside outlying territorial domain during his Presidency. President Harding, a newspaper man and keen observer, believes in seeing a place before writing and talking about it. His grasp of the

Panama situation amazed even his closest friends upon his return from the Isthmus prior to his inauguration. He will know Porto Rico and Alaska before he returns, and in the problems of the territorial domain, outside of the states, he will have a first-hand knowledge. The prospectors who have brought in glowing accounts of Alaska will either have their accounts confirmed or hopes dashed, for in the year 1923 Alaska is on the map, and how much more it means for a President to honor far-off, remote, isolated Alaska with his presence during the summer months than some fashionable or jaded summer resort. He will learn something about the iceberg country, and may comply with the request made him by one little girl, who rushed up to him with the confidence of one who addresses a father:

"Mr. President, bring me back an Eskimo pie, dog and doll."

The President remembered the time when he carried back from Europe a hat, and, after carrying it all over Europe and running the gauntlet of the custom house, returned to find the same hat "from Paris" advertised in a store window at a less price than he paid for it in the first instance. This made him a fixed believer in a tariff to protect guileless and innocent husbands and those traveling abroad, charged with the responsibility of bringing back imported millinery and other souvenirs.



IT has long been possible to insure against almost every sort of accident and calamity, and now the Department of Agriculture, which has been making a study of the subject, is of the opinion that general crop insurance is feasible and urgently needed for the protection of the farmer.

The government's agricultural experts have been preparing data for the Senate committee appointed in the last session of Congress to investigate and report on the practicability of extending the scope of crop insurance, and further hearings will be held by the committee next December.

The government's agricultural officials believe that crop insurance should cover actual damage sustained, but not theoretical losses resulting from failure to reap expected profits. In their opinion, what the farmer really needs is not an insurance contract which will guarantee him profits when nature fails him, but one guaranteeing protection against crop damage so severe as to endanger his financial safety.

Definite conclusions have not been reached as to the form of organization through which the desired insurance should be furnished, but the scope of the undertaking and its novel character seem to indicate that it should be a government enterprise.

It also has been suggested that the producers be brought into mutual associations for crop insurance purposes. Private companies, though discouraged over the first attempts they have made in general coverage crop insurance, are continuing their efforts.



IT would appear that the Limitation of Armament Conference held at Washington during the closing days of 1921 and the beginning of 1922 is in a fair way to bear fruit at last—and that the momentous words of Secretary Hughes, following America's welcome to the world powers delegates to the greatest conclave of nations in history, in which he announced a concrete proposition looking to world peace, may in the sequence of events to come prove to be more than empty phrases.

The announcement of the ratification by the French Chamber of Deputies of the Four-Power Treaty—which has to do with peace in the Pacific—leads to this hope. True, this ratification by the Chamber of Deputies does not mean (as overconfidently announced in some quarters) that the reduction of armament treaty is finally in force—because both treaties must go to the French Senate for settlement.

But the Foreign Affairs Commission of the latter body

having approved the report on the naval limitation treaty, the final success of the agreement would seem to be assured.

More than eighteen months have passed since the august representatives of the nine nations who control the war-making power of the world assembled at our national capital by invitation of our supreme executive to debate the possibilities of taking steps to limit the mad race for supremacy in armament and naval power.

By virtue of straightforward discussion, after the American fashion, of every point at issue, as opposed to the devious ways of European diplomacy, an unanimous decision was arrived at by the members of the Conference that world peace by agreement was within the bounds of human possibility. More, the Conference as a whole agreed on every point of the international pacts debated, and bound the signatory nations to observance of the eight new treaties designed to pave the way for world peace.

To the man in the street, for all the results apparent from this effort to settle the causes of dispute between the great nations of the world and drive forever from human view the dread spectre of world war, the Conference might never have been held. But this action of the French Chamber of Deputies will bring to him a measure of hope. He will see that the leaven of world peace—though it works exceeding slow—works surely to its appointed end.



**P**LANS of Republican party leaders for a reorganization of the Republican Congressional Committee are expected to take definite form when the President returns from his Alaskan trip. A campaign for the election of a party majority in the 69th Congress is on foot, and the first step proposed in reorganizing the Congressional Committee is the election of a new chairman to succeed Representative William R. Wood of Indiana, whose management of the campaign last fall has been criticised by Republicans in the House, who assert that he was not aggressive in pressing the issues on which Republican candidates for Congress went before the people. Wood is also

close of the last session of Congress, fearing that it might interfere with his ambition to succeed Frank W. Mondell as Republican floor leader. Representative George S. Graham of Philadelphia is still under consideration by the leaders.



*Booth Fisheries Company Plant at Sitka, Alaska*

**A**N encouraging sign of the financial soundness of the country at the beginning of the crop year, when the demand for credit is most active in the agricultural districts, is shown in the July bulletin of the Federal Reserve Board, a review of which indicated no evidence of credit strain at this critical period.

In its general review of conditions, the Board points out that July, 1922, marked the turning point in the demand for bank credits for commercial purposes, and from that time until quite recently the volume of commercial loans has steadily increased.

The rate of industrial recovery during the past two years, it points out, has seldom been equalled in the business history of the country, and while primarily industrial in character, it has been felt in all sections of the United States.

"With the volume of reserve bank credit in use at about the same level as a year ago," the Board says in summing up its findings, "and the volume of member bank credit at a considerably higher level, the banking position prior to the more active demand for credit at crop moving time also differs from last year's in the greater liquidity of bank loans now outstanding.

"Payment of accumulated indebtedness, which took place later in the agricultural districts than elsewhere, has now largely restored the liquidity of banks in rural districts, and the recent increase in their loans to customers and in their borrowings from the reserve banks has been in response to a growth in current business."

In other words, the farmer prospers in direct proportion to the general prosperity of the country, and when money conditions are satisfactory as a whole he is enabled to borrow money at the banks in anticipation of the cash returns from his growing crops.

The prosperity of the farmer is a very real index of the prosperity of the country at large. When hard times hit the industrial centers it is not long before the farmer feels acutely the effect of the lessened buying power of his urban neighbor. When every factory chimney in the country is pouring out a cloud of smoke, the farmer is sending for mail-order catalogs.



*Plant of the Booth Fisheries Company at Tacoma, Washington*

known to be out of sympathy with the administration in its proposal to make the world court a campaign issue.

Representative Nicholas Longworth is said to have turned down an offer of the chairmanship of the committee at the





*A Fish Trap on the Columbia River, where the hurrying salmon on their great annual migration to head-waters are trapped by thousands*

**N**OW that Colonel Harvey has declared—in reference to rumors that he would manage the Harding 1924 Campaign—that “never while in his right senses” will he act as a political campaign director or publicity executive, another base canard has been set at rest.

Political busybodies, always alert to seize every juicy morsel of political gossip, have seen in Ambassador Harvey’s delayed return to the Court of St. James a reason to connect his name with the conduct of the campaign. The country-at-large will breathe easier now that it learns from the lips of the Colonel himself that he is not to lay aside the black velvet knickers which he so adorns.



**S**CORE another triumph for American progress. According to the annual dye census for 1922, just made public by the Tariff Commission, the United States today, for the first time in history, is independent of the rest of the world with respect to its needs for dyes—due to the “notable progress” made by its domestic dye and organic chemical industry since the war, with the resultant prohibitive prices for imported dyes, demonstrated the danger to American industries of depending upon foreign countries for essential elements of manufactured goods.

Incidentally another myth of Teutonic super-efficiency takes a body blow. The Report says:

Dye for dye, the domestic products, with relative few exceptions, are found equal to the pre-war German dyes. In the early stages of the domestic dye industry after the outbreak of the great war, many of our dyes were lacking in uniformity of strength and quality. This condition, however, no longer prevails, as our domestic manufacturers are marketing dyes which are uniformly standardized as to strength and quality. Statements of the largest felt and woolen manufacturers and also from cotton printers and dyers agree as to the satisfactory results obtained from American dyes.



**T**HE National Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Cordell Hull, has announced that organization of victory clubs in six thousand of the larger towns and counties of the United States has begun. Each club is to consist of twenty members, paying dues of five dollars now and five dollars next year.

“This puts the financing of our party in the hands of the rank and file,” Hull said. “We will be able to say truthfully that the people’s party is sustained by the people and not by the privileged interests, as the Republican party is sustained.”

Hull expects to have two hundred clubs organized in Tennessee by August first, and announces as his objective a war chest of \$1,200,000 for the 1924 presidential campaign.

**T**O see the executive desk of the President of the United States piled high with documents requiring his signature, rivets interest in what handwriting might reveal. There are experts who say that the signature of Warren G. Harding reveals his character as plainly as if he wrote all about himself on the blackboard. Confidently and determinedly, his pen sweeps across the page—unfaltering and direct. His handwriting indicates a calmness inspired by confidence, a quickness due to energy. His is a handwriting characteristic and unmistakable, clearly reflecting the personality and character of Warren G. Harding.

One handwriting expert who stood by insisted that there is something in that signature that shows him a man astute, shrewd and tactful, a thinker capable of intense concentration; broad-minded and liberal, with a generous nature, open to conviction, though a bit stubborn. The very sweep of the lines reflect logic and deduction. He follows his strokes through, ending up with a stroke which speaks of the natural pride of a man who achieves by forceful ability and unwavering determination.

His signature shows him to be friendly and affectionate, with a protective, kindly nature, somewhat impulsive, but this is held in check by logic and reason. He adapts himself readily to conditions, circumstances and people, yet takes care not to compromise himself or to sacrifice his principles.

Day after day as he pens his signature, he reflects the character of a President who has carried the nation through one of the most critical times in history.



**N**OW, for the first time in its history, Uncle Sam’s aviation department has for its head a qualified pilot. On June 26, Major-General Mason M. Patrick, Chief of the Army Air Service, took the regular test for the rating of “Airplane Pilot” before a board of officers at Bolling Field, and passed with flying colors.

Under the extraordinary difficulties attendant upon America’s entrance into the War as a participant in wartime air activities, General Patrick thoroughly reorganized the Air Service and placed it on an efficient working basis, and his appointment as Chief of the Service in 1921 was by way of recognition by the Government of his conspicuous wartime services, which brought him, also, the Distinguished Service Medal as well as decorations by England, France, Italy and Belgium.



**P**RESIDENT Harding’s trip into the vast wonderland of the Northwest, where Nature scatters her favors with so prodigal a hand that the pages of fiction pale to seeming commonplace in comparison, revives public interest in the scanty literature of this comparatively unknown section of our great inheritance.

Alaska has yet to produce her chroniclers, to tell the world in poetry and prose the romance of this beautiful and rugged land as Joachim Miller and Bret Harte recounted the romance of California.

But for Jack London’s “Son of the Wolf,” in which he told the wild and thrilling story of that first frenzied scramble of gold-maddened men to Skagway and the Yukon; and “The Silver Horde,” in which Rex Beach sets forth the wondrous, romantic story of the annual heira of the salmon, we would know but little about Alaska aside from those dry facts which we can glean from government reports.

It is a peculiar but an oft-proved fact that only the romantic literature of a people, a country, or a period, presents a true and comprehensive picture to the reader’s mind.

Alaska needs, to make her known, another Zane Grey or an Oliver Curwood.

# The Painter of the Capitol

*What more congenial task could be imagined for an artist than to devote his lifetime to making history live again with spirited paintings on the walls of the National Capitol?*

THE master painter was at work on the mural in the dome in statuary hall. His wife was the beautiful model used in the figures. In his studio is the marvelous model of the Capitol, worked out to the minutest detail—an exact reproduction, with the exception of the statue of "Freedom" atop the historic dome, which is missing. Loaned to the Chicago Worlds Fair, "Miss Freedom" was lost, and no one has ever been able to find her, even in a search of pawn shops.

All artists have dreams, and C. E. Moberly's dream is to make the walls in our nation's Capitol glow with paintings that reflect great events in history. In the tiny, oval enclosure just outside the Supreme Court room the walls are blank and barren. Here could be portrayed some tribute to the America of bygone days. Mr. Moberly, saturated with the traditions of the nation, could paint some scene suitable to the place and give pleasure to thousands of people who pass by year after year.

"See this little round place in the stone of this wall?" said Mr. Moberly.

I knocked upon it, and lo! it had a hollow sound. I became curious about this and another just above.

"When I was a very young man no one seemed to be able to tell me why these places existed, but one day an old darky employee came tottering up. 'I knows, Boss, I does, what those two holes is—I does.' And he told me the story. Years ago this old darky was Daniel Webster's valet. He had served him and his friend, Henry Clay. These enclosures contained an old stove, where they talked over affairs. A stove was a luxury in those cold days, beyond the glow of fireplaces."

The little winding stairway leading out from the left is piled high with great logs, for some of the old rooms in the Capitol have only fireplaces for heat when the weather is severe. We hear little lovable human things of people of bygone days when we come to know such men as Mr. Moberly. The artist hopes to see a bronze tablet hung over the two holes where a Webster-Clay stove pipe poured out real heat in the long ago.

Mr. Moberly's dream is that more such pictures may grace the walls of the House side of the Capitol. There is one here I must mention on the East side, leading to the floor of the House, and on the landing corresponding to the west side, namely, "The Proclamation of Emancipation," by Frank Carpenter, who painted Abraham Lincoln from life. The artist tried in vain to sell this picture to Congress, but could scarcely obtain a hearing before any committee, so he took it back home and laid it away—almost broken-hearted—for he knew it would be wanted.

Several years later Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of Hartford, Connecticut, read a newspaper clipping about the lost Lincoln picture. This interested her and she sought and found Frank Carpenter, purchased his picture for \$25,000, and

brought it to Washington, placing it on the second landing, where those leaving the galleries of the House could view it. The frame surrounding the picture is of heavy walnut, gilded. After an expenditure of \$30,000, Mrs. Thompson presented the picture to Congress, receiving official thanks.

On the stairs leading up to this picture from the street floor years ago, a newspaper man was shot. Every known substance has been tried to wash out the blood stains on the marble stairs, and all has failed. It is a remarkable coincidence that this man's life should flicker out, just under the picture of the martyred Lincoln signing the epochal Emancipation proclamation.

It is rather fortunate that the artist engaged in painting at the Capitol today knew the great master, Constantino Brumidi, the Italian painter, who gave up fame and fortune and came to America to adorn the rooms of the Capitol of what he then considered as the greatest nation on earth. He was given a commission to decorate the Vatican and worked there for years. His great ability was sought eagerly in Europe, but the last thirty years of his life he devoted to decorating the Capitol of his adopted country, and when death took the brush from his hand, the

great circular frieze of the dome was not quite finished. There it remained uncompleted for many years—an eloquent tribute to the genius of the master.

Mr. Moberly has been at work in the Capitol for over twenty-four years. He takes pride in showing the great Brumidi's painting, done on wet plaster, to the left of the Speaker's chair, and explained the process of this unusual art.

"All the colors are made of earthy substance, for," said he, "the lime or plaster and the earth must be related, there must be an affinity of the two, to be successful and lasting. One must understand the chemistry of this art."

In the skylight roof over the chamber of the House of Representatives are paintings done years ago by Brumidi. Mr. Moberly has lately completed one which has been placed there, but there are still thirty-two skylights that have no pictures.

Mr. Moberly comes of a family of artists. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were artists and musicians, while his mother's family were also artists. In a corner of the Capitol on the west side, Mr. Moberly has his studio. 'Tis just the place an artist would choose, isolated and far beyond noises, such as door bells and

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**F**OR NEARLY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS the artist, C. E. Moberly, has been devoting his time and talent to the adornment of the walls of the National Capitol with historic and allegorical paintings, and restoring and preserving the glorious example of the art of the great Italian painter Brumidi, who was his predecessor in this work



# Nazimova—Player of Roles

*From her first appearance in this country in a squalid little theatre back of a New York East Side saloon this well-known yet little-known star has risen to great heights*

By KATHARINE BRUSH

IF you are an inveterate follower of motion pictures, a "fan" in the common parlance, you doubtless know much about the private lives of your favorite actor and actress. So complete has been the work of the movie press agent and the newspaper interviewer in regaling the nation with mingled fact and fiction regarding its screen entertainers that one knows to whom they are married, to whom they were formerly married, what brand of motor car they drive—even, in fact, what they usually eat for breakfast. If you are a true enthusiast I daresay you have at your tongue's end intimate information of all kinds about the Mary Pickfords and the Wallace Reids of the modern-day screen. But do you know anything at all about Nazimova?

Just as there is not in the world of the silver-sheet a more exotic, a more interesting personality than that of this great Russian actress, there is also no one of whom the world knows so little. Nazimova gives freely of her art to a public that adores her; but she does not believe that that public is entitled to a share in her private life as well. She entertains seldom, goes out very infrequently, and appears at social gatherings almost never. She has hidden her real self and her life outside the studio behind a curtain of mystery which even those who know her personally cannot penetrate. She shuns publicity, and fortunate indeed is the journalist in whose behalf she occasionally suspends the ban on interviews.

As is natural in the case of a personality so elusive, Nazimova piqued my curiosity. I read with zest the few articles written about her, overflowing, most of them, with beautiful, uplifted phrases about temperament and art and soul. I grew to picture her as a freakish sort of person who dwelt constantly in an atmosphere of incense, dim lights, heavy draperies and Orientalism. There were, to be sure, a few things about her that refused to quite fit into that scheme of things, chief among them being her husband, Charles Bryant. If you have ever seen him as leading man in his wife's productions you remember him as a typical stalwart young American citizen. Not even remotely can you connect him in your mind with things like heavy draperies and a soulful personality, and I feel certain that he would not hesitate to say "Damn!" and fling wide the windows on an atmosphere of incense and Orientalism.

And then I met Nazimova. After which I understood many things, her husband included.

In accordance with my mental picture, I expected her to trail into the room languidly, dragging a limp, snaky little train behind her, one hand resting gracefully on a slender hip, the other holding a cigarette between jewelled fingers. You can imagine, then, the mental right-about-face I had to make when she burst in upon me wearing the brief skirts and the little French shoes and the bobbed hair of the day, and looking for all the world like a particularly attractive and joyous high school sophomore.

The resemblance ceases with exteriors, however. It is not given to high school sophomores to speak as Nazimova speaks. One has to have been born with a voice like hers; one must be a Russian, transplanted, to acquire the fascination of her accent; one must have wisdom

and knowledge and a long experience with life, to talk as she does.

Sometimes.

And then at other times, though the voice and the accent ripple on unchanged, she talks lightly, of ordinary everyday things: her home—a play she saw the night before—new hats—tennis—her husband.

"He is English, do you know it?" she said. "I fell in love at the first with his English accent, and now, behold, he is getting so American he will lose it entirely. When I first knew him he would say into the telephone, 'Hello, hello, hello, I say, are you there?' Now, instead, he shouts after the fashion of this country, 'Hello! Well, what do you want?'"

I quote her words. I wish I might as easily reproduce the gestures and expressions that accompanied them. For when Nazimova tells a story, however trivial a one, she tells it with her

whole body. Essentially the actress, hands, shoulders, head and facial expression are brought into constant use in her lightest conversation. One wonders if she ever completely forgets that she is Alla Nazimova, player of roles; or if, perhaps, her chosen calling has so deeply embodied itself in her that she has quite lost the trick of being natural.

Madame came to this country over fifteen years ago. She admits it frankly, notwithstanding the fact that it might set one to mathematical calculations as to her possible age. To her, age is nothing, apparently. You cannot guess the years of her life from looking at her, or from talking with her. Much less from both, for she looks twenty, and some of her observations would do credit to a savant of three times that age. I am told that, in reality, she is about forty.

It was Lee Shubert, the producer, who brought Nazimova forth from the oblivion of the squalid little theatre back of a saloon on New York's East Side where her American debut was made, and it was under his expert guidance that she first attained a coveted "place in the sun." At the time she spoke no English at all, though several other languages she had at her tongue's end. Caroline Harris the actress, mother of Richard Barthelmess, undertook to teach her the language, journeying daily to Madame's modest little room up three flights in Greenwich Village, for that purpose. In three months' time she had mastered it wholly, and now she has a command of English that should make many an American born hang his head in shame. The lessons had another outcome also. They cemented a bond of friendship between Nazimova and the Barthelmess family which has grown the firmer through the years. Even the success of her own career lies scarcely closer to Nazimova's heart than that of "Dickie," as she fondly calls Mr. Barthelmess.

After a stage success, the cinema provides an easy, almost an inevitable, next step. Nazimova's first picture was "War Brides." "An experiment, merely," was her casual comment on that real masterpiece of screen lore. Through it and her succeeding pictures, however, Madame has acquired a passion for the screen.

"It has absorbed me," she said.

And it is not only the histrionic part of picture-making which interests her. If you think of her as arriving at the studio somewhere about noon, registering varied emotions for an hour or two before the camera and then calling it a day, you are quite seriously in error. She has versatility, a limitless energy. She believes that a picture, to be successful, must be the best not only from an acting standpoint, but technically and artistically as well. Accordingly she assists in the writing of the scenario, designs her own sets, buys her gowns, helps direct herself and others of the cast in all their scenes, and when the picture is virtually completed she supervises the cutting and assembling of the print. She arrives at the studio never later than eight o'clock in the morning and has frequently been known to work until four the next morning without intermission.

This capacity for supervising all branches of her picture-making has had its inevitable results; Nazimova is branded as most difficult to

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**MADAME NAZIMOVA**, the noted Russian actress, is the most vivid, colorful, exotic and temperamental star of the cinema constellation in America. As a member of the legitimate drama before the lure of the camera led her astray, she stood well up in the front line of the world's great actresses



# Marvin Hughitt—Master Railroad Builder

*At the age of eighty-six, still the forceful, efficient executive of yore, he looks back over a period of seventy years in railroad service—and half a century with the Chicago & North Western Line*

THE master railroad builder of the world is a modest, retiring man named Marvin Hughitt. His address for fifty years has been "C. & N. W., Chicago, Illinois." Three score and ten years have passed since he began his life career as a railroad employee. He was born in Genoa Township, Cayuga County, New York, in 1837—so he is now eighty-six.

After a few winters in the district school he began clicking off the Morse code in the telegraph office of the Albany, New York & Buffalo Telegraph Co. He began dreaming of places at the other end of that wire.

In 1854 he arrived in Chicago, and a few hours afterwards he was working as a telegraph operator in the office of the Illinois & Missouri Telegraph Company. He felt that the great factor in the development of the country was to be the railroad rather than the telegraph. In 1857 he was made train master and superintendent of a railroad at Bloomington, Illinois. A year later, in 1858, he married Miss Belle Barrett Hough, of Rock Island, Illinois, and that determined his permanent citizenship in the growing midwest.

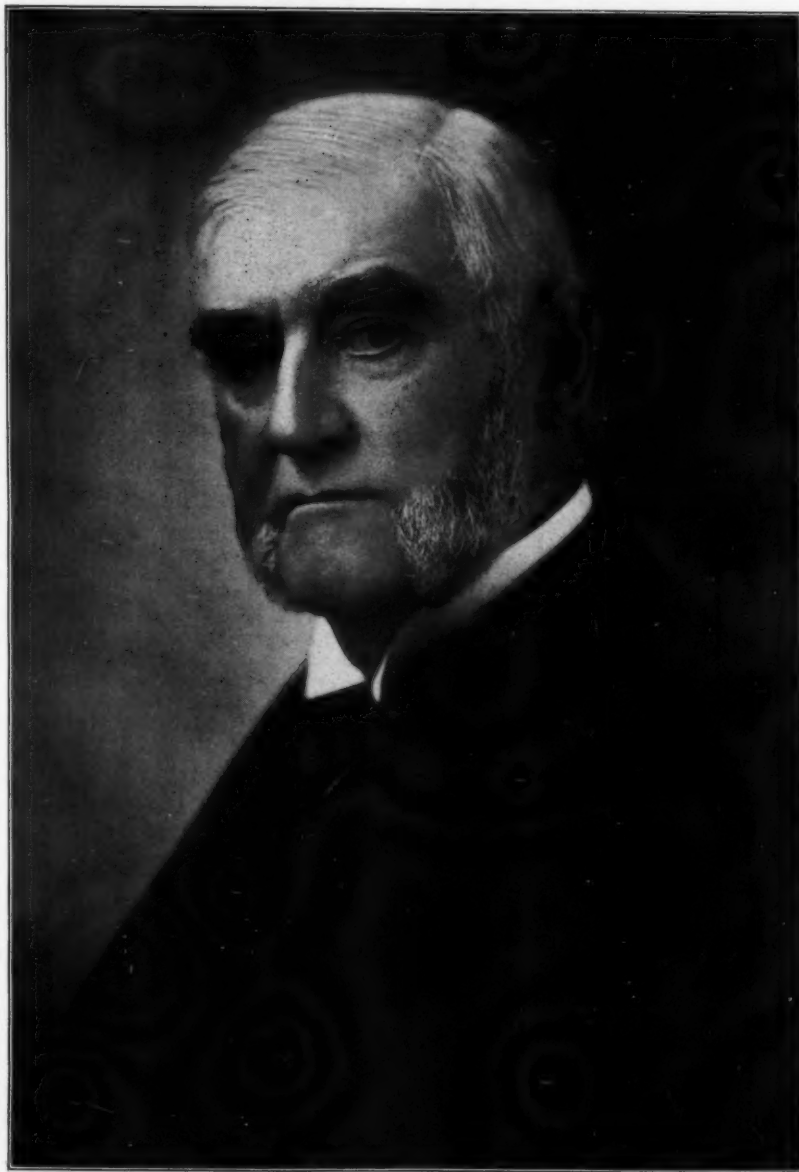
On his desk today is an old photograph of Abraham Lincoln whom he knew in the flesh. It has brought to him over and over again an inspiration of early days.

He first came in personal contact with Abraham Lincoln during the late fifties. He was complimented by Lincoln on the accuracy with which he "took" important messages.

During the Civil War, as superintendent, and later general superintendent of the Illinois Central, he dispatched the moving of supplies and troops.

In 1870 he was the assistant general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. These were the rushing days of constructive work, when railroads were racing to lay rails, opening up new territory. As general superintendent of the Pullman Palace Car Company for one year, he gained additional administrative experience which makes him today the greatest all-around railroad executive.

In 1872 he joined the official staff of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. That really began the most remarkable constructive career of any railroad-builder in the United States, for in the fifty years' service with the Chicago & Northwestern he has built more miles of railroad than any other man who ever lived—a total of over seven thousand miles of new railroad construction, which, if laid in one track of his rails, would reach half way around the world, to say nothing of a double track across the Atlantic and back, or a line from New York City to Alaska.



**MARVIN HUGHITT, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF THE CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN LINE—THE MASTER RAILROAD BUILDER OF THE WORLD**

Constructing more miles of railroad and opening even larger territory than James J. Hill and other empire builders, the range of Mr. Hughitt's experience has touched all phases of railroad operation and development.

Night after night in those early days he studied maps and extended his lines, and every day he kept in close touch with the men who were operating the lines already built. The C. & N. W. was built mile by

mile on a basis of conservative business and traffic development. Mr. Hughitt was in touch not only with the operation of his railroad, but with the industries, farms, mines, and forests that furnished the traffic for his lines and he sought basic reasons for extension.

In 1877 he was elected director, and ten years later succeeded Albert Keep as president of the C. & N. W., and has been the executive head as president and chairman of

the board covering the great era of railroad construction in the United States.

A type of the strong, all-around, aggressive, dynamic genius is Marvin Hughitt, who believed in Chicago as he believed in the development of the territory.

In those days he was sending out an average of two hundred emigrant families a day, speedily populating the fertile lands reached by his roads with the sturdy Nordic race.

Aside from all this remarkable record as a railroad builder, covering these seven thousand miles of new railroad, and the unparalleled record of a half century of service with one railroad, Mr. Hughitt has been an inspiring example of American citizenship. He has provided a terminal for his road in Chicago that is a monument to his constructive genius—a model in railroad stations, affording convenience to patrons.

Those who have met Marvin Hughitt will never forget him. He has a gentle, but firm expression and wears the side whiskers that suggest benevolence and kindness. His violet eyes are now soft and gentle, now flashing with the firmness of decision and leadership. He talks in a very low tone of voice and enunciates very clearly and distinctly.

In all the group of the master builders of his day and generation Marvin Hughitt has lived to see more of his early dreams realized than any of his old associates. The brakeman swings his lantern in a salute to the veteran chairman as he passes. The shop and section-hands wave a salute that evidences the love and respect that goes to a man that is known in railroad circles as the modern Aristides—*The Just*—in the railroad world.

His career of seventy years in the railroad service, and fifty years with the one railroad, spans a most important historic and constructive era in America. When he began his railroad work there were a smaller number of miles of railroad in the entire United States than is represented in the mileage of the one road which has been constructed under his direction.

The Galena & Chicago Railroad, with which he was early associated, still remains an important section of his system. Galena was once the leading village of the region, and it was there that General Ulysses S. Grant spent busy years in the tannery business prior to the war.

The first survey of the land for this railroad was made in 1837—the year of the panic. It extended from the foot of North Dearborn Street, and ran west to the Des Plaines River. Ten years later the enterprise lay dormant awaiting better times.

Strange to say, there were Chicago merchants at that time who opposed the building of the railroad, pointing out that it would transfer business from Chicago to other points on the line, but there was a campaign to sell the stock, and many of the farmer's wives paid for it with the proceeds of their butter, cheese, and poultry.

When the Northwestern had reached the Missouri River, a continental service out of Chicago, over the "Overland Limited," followed in the wake of the prairie schooner, in which the pioneers were pushing across the plains.

The most remarkable distinction of Marvin Hughitt is his relations and associations

with employees of the road. The men that work in the yellow cars, or in the freight trains or yards, shops, and on the section have always known that there was a master mind at the head of the road. He has come in personal contact with more railroad employees than any other one man in the history of American railroads. The following letter will live as a classic in economic history because it reveals that simple honest directness of one of the great Industrial leaders in dealing with the labor problem at a most critical time.

One of the very remarkable documents in the history of American railroads is the recent letter written by Mr. Hughitt in answer to a communication from an employee, and which was published in the Chicago *Evening Post*. This letter is a classic, not simply because it exhibits the kindly nature of Mr. Hughitt, but because it presents the position of the railroad in respectful language of the most forcible character, and yet it can be easily understood by anybody of ordinary intelligence. It is well worth reproduction, and is as follows:

"Chicago, October 21, 1921.

"To Conductor 'R':—

"I read with great interest your letter published October 18th in the *Post*. I regret that you did not sign your name in full so that I might address you personally.

"I notice you say that you are one of the old-timers; that you have worked for the railroad for ever a quarter of a century. I, too, have spent almost my entire business career on the North Western. Next April I will have finished a half century of uninterrupted service. During all this period of time I have felt that a spirit of comradeship existed between the North Western employees and the executive officers, and have exerted every effort, consistent with my duties to the property, in the interest of the employees and in an effort to properly discharge the transportation obligations to the shipping public.

"It is with a mingled feeling of regret and sadness that I now learn that the North Western Railway is to be in the first zone of attack in an effort to cripple and, if possible, break down and destroy the system. And may I ask what for? Why is this attack made against the North Western? Do the employees have some present dispute with the management? Have you been to the president, vice-president, and the general manager in an effort to settle your grievances? What is the dispute?

"The leaders of your brotherhoods say you are striking against the wage award effective July 1, 1921. But your representatives participated in the hearing before the Labor Board, offered their evidence, submitted their arguments, and after full and complete hearing the Labor Board, an instrumentality of the Federal Government, in accordance with the law of Congress, made a decision regarding wages. And this railroad has complied with that decision.

"In your letter you say you are willing to take the cut of July 1st, but that you cannot take another one until the cost of living has been reduced. Your officers have not asked you to take another cut at this time. We have not yet started negotiations with you upon this subject, and you have not met with your executive officers for the purpose of discussing any such question, as the law requires even before any application is made to the Labor Board, and yet you propose to strike in response to a call which bases the strike upon the wage cut with which you say you are satisfied.

"If you hear of a further reduction in wages, then permit me to call your attention to the record which the North Western Company made at the last hearing on this subject before the United

States Labor Board. In his closing argument at that time our Mr. Sargent stated that it was the purpose of this company to obey the decisions of the Labor Board, and to strictly observe the law to the minutest detail at all times and under all circumstances. That statement had my full approval and still stands as the policy of this company.

"There has been no intention of reducing wages further without first conferring with you and our other employees in the manner as pointed out by the act of Congress. If in these negotiations we cannot reach an amicable and friendly settlement, then there can still be no reduction in wages until after we have applied to the United States Labor Board and have certified to that Board that we were unable to agree. The Board will then set our dispute down for a hearing. At such a time you will be represented and will be given an opportunity to be heard, just as you were when the Board granted increases of twenty-two per cent, effective May 1, 1920, and just as you were when the Board ordered reductions of between ten and twelve per cent effective July 1, 1921. At this hearing you will be given the opportunity to offer all of your evidence, to present all the facts and all the arguments against a reduction in wages, and the Board will then decide whether conditions have so changed since their decision effective July 1, 1921, that there should be a further reduction in wages. We believe that such decision will be based squarely and impartially upon the evidence produced at the hearing. If the Board is satisfied that conditions have so changed that some further reduction in wages should be ordered, they will so decide. If, on the other hand, they should find that conditions have not so changed as to justify further reductions, they will decide accordingly and dismiss the applications. Whatever this may be, this railroad will obey it.

"We obeyed the decision of the Board when in 1920 they directed us to increase wages approximately twenty-two per cent. We obeyed their decision in 1921 when they directed a reduction of between ten and twelve per cent. We will obey any future decision, and there will be no reduction of your compensation, or that of any other employees coming under the jurisdiction of the United States Labor Board, without the approval of that body.

"I was pleased to have you say that you and your fellow-employees have always considered yourselves as of the North Western family, and it is my most earnest hope that you will continue to entertain this relationship and that when you fully understand the issues as I have now stated it, you will agree with me that the proposed strike upon the North Western is not justified.

"I am Yours most sincerely,

"MARVIN HUGHITT,

"Chairman"

Mr. Hughitt has always listened most patiently and considerately to his employees and his associates. The feeling of the employees, so often expressed, is that they consider themselves a part of the Chicago & Northwestern family. Mr. Hughitt is today the "Grand Old Man." At the telegraph key, he began seventy years ago using the Morse code, but he knows the dots and dashes in the code of human justice.

Punctual in all his personal and business obligations, broad-visioned as any statesman of his time, the fourscore and six years now already included in the life of Marvin Hughitt, with all its incidents of devotion to duty, includes the tender solicitude for his mother, whom he visited every Saturday until her death at the age of ninety years. This single incident reflects a heart and soul worthy of the man whose career will ever remain an inspiration to the builders of America who follow after.



# "The Compleat Investor"

*If you are one of those "wise guys" who can "read the tape" this won't interest you. But if you are a bona fide investor you will want to read this article*

By WESLEY A. STANGER

THERE is a lot of noise being made in the vicinity of Wall Street just now, occasioned by the explosion of the bucket shops and a certain class of brokerage houses. Echoes from this are heard in various parts of the country, growing fainter and fainter as they proceed toward the west. Following the big explosions in New York, smaller ones are set off in Chicago and other cities from Boston to Omaha. In the cities outside of New York they do not attract so much attention and of course are not as loud.

Following one of these explosions—probably the largest of the lot—the financial writers in the daily newspapers came out with the statement that immediately following the news of the suspension of this big brokerage house, that stocks on the exchange were decidedly stronger. The market had been wobbly, due to the fact that something was expected. It came, and Wall Street felt better. It was like an emetic. The after-effects were good.

Wall Street does well to clean up. Every once in a while the men who control the destinies of the money market of New York find that something has to be done, and they usually proceed to do it. This year they have carried through their annual house cleaning and have thrown a lot of rubbish out where the ash men can get it. House cleaning is always scheduled to start in May, and, true to tradition, Wall Street was punctual. The job was a little bigger than usual, it would seem, so they carried it over into the first weeks in June. Now it is all over. The house has been straightened out and things are livable there again. This is fine for Wall Street and for the speculating public. While the house cleaning was going on, the public which speculates in Wall Street and environs, stayed away, and there wasn't much trading. However, Wall Street did not despair. As any good housewife knows, the members of the family always have dates when house cleaning takes place, but they are not very far away and, with the job over, Wall Street is ready for the reception. They are all there waiting their chance and so long as the public will speculate, it is a great deal better for every one concerned that gilded palaces which operate on their "front" should be eliminated. It was a hard dose, but now that it is completed, the money market is feeling much better indeed.

Failures in Wall Street never have any effect on the smoke that comes out of factory chimneys or the continuation of business done on a credit basis, except in a very small way where some man whose business is building, banking or manufacturing has taken a flier and his personal activities have been slowed up until he has a chance to recover from the "flier." These cases are isolated so that it may be said with safety that Wall Street failures are purely local affairs.

There is a reason for this, too, and when subjected to even the most casual analysis unfolds itself like an old-fashioned railway time table.

To read a time table you had to know how and where to begin. The same thing applies to an understanding of Wall Street explosions, but they are really easier to study out.

In the first place, the stocks that are traded in brokerage houses in the New York financial district are the merchandise of the trade. Whatever real money value is behind them is not destroyed, because a broker or a whole string of them fail. The real money value remains just where it was before the crash, and no matter what stocks are involved, the business they represent is in just the same shape a minute after as it was a minute before.

If a house is dealing in stocks that have no assets behind them, building up a trading value on a false foundation, they were no good before the failure. After the failure they are the same. If they are trading in stocks in a good business, the failures of the brokerage business would not affect their value in the least. The only effect that might follow is that the brokers, through manipulation and by the creation of a false demand, may have run the price up beyond the actual value. In this case the person owning the stocks has just as much real value in his hands as he did before, but he naturally suffers the loss of the difference between the real and the inflated values. However, if the owner of the stock had bought it at the right valuation, direct from the

concern whose business the holding represented, and then held on to it for the returns that it would make in the regular course of business, he would be drawing his dividends and retaining his principal. The reason for Wall Street is largely the demand of Americans for an outlet for their speculative sense. When the legitimate houses that handle standard securities cannot supply the demand, it is natural enough that there should be a growth on that body which takes the form of bucket shops and a class of brokerage houses—easy to understand, but hard to describe.

Wall Street has its place in the business structure and always will so long as the country continues to grow, and people continue in their desire to speculate.

Wall Street never handles any "original issues." The stock that gets into Wall Street is stock that has been subscribed for by individuals, or financial houses. The owners of the business get their money quickly and they don't care what happens to the stock after that. When a man or a firm has taken on an allotment of stock and paid for it, the next move is to get a profit on it. This is natural. The stock is usually bought at a below par figure. The business it represents has good possibilities or is an earning business. This makes its stock attractive. Wall Street traders are shrewd. If they weren't they couldn't last over the week end. Seeing the possibilities of the business itself, they begin cautiously to get some of the stock out, or they advertise it widely and create a demand. As demand increases, the price of the stock goes up. The original value behind it is not necessarily responding, but Wall Street is boosting the stock to make a Wall Street profit. A par stock bought by the original owner for \$100, paying eight per cent on par, may be run up in Wall Street to almost any figure, but it still pays the same eight per cent on par. The increased price on which the stock changes hands has not changed the par nor changed the assets or even the earnings. The difference between what the buyer paid for the stock and what he sells it for is his profit—the last man getting it, paying the highest price, but collecting only the regular dividend or such additional profits as the business itself may produce. Wall Street manipulation and method of trading is interesting and exciting, but no game to be played by the man who cannot afford to lose or who is not thoroughly initiated. Once in awhile along comes a Thomas W. Lawson, but Wall Street sits tight, and today Lawson with a long list of others, is scratching a poor man's head.

No attempt is made here to discuss or even consider bonds or general issues handled by banks and banking houses.

When the American public becomes educated to the advisability of leaving speculated-in stocks alone and buying original issues themselves, they will lose some of the excitement, maybe, but their cash will be better protected and their profits



WESLEY A. STANGER, formerly staff writer for *System* and the *Chicago Tribune*, has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for observing the inner workings of that rapacious institution known as "the Street." In his recently published book, "Personal Selling," he writes explicitly and clearly about certain angles of the stock-selling game that a large proportion of the population are not adequately informed upon



larger. It is only natural that brokers should warn buyers against original issues, because they have none to offer themselves, but have plenty of the other kind. A man engaged in selling merchandise is a poor man to go to to ask about somebody's else merchandise of the same character. Because a man deals in money as merchandise does not give him any better license to pass on another man's investment than to go to one plough maker to get his advice on buying a competitor's plow.

When a man or woman sets out to make an investment in a particular kind of stock or bonds, the poorest man in the world to go to for advice is the man who has some other kind of stock or bond to sell.

When the public buys original issues of stock, the money goes direct into the business. When it buys stock on the board or the curb, the money never sees the industry at all. The proceeds are divided up between the man who gave the broker the order to sell, the broker himself and whoever else had a hand in the transaction. The owners of the business which the stock represents do not even know of the transaction and often do not even know who their stockholders are. With original issues it is entirely different. In the first place, the buyer gets his stock direct from the concern raising the money. The proceeds go into the business and the buyer profits with the progress of the business itself.

In buying stock it is a pretty hard thing to secure the exact information that the buyer should have. The commercial agencies do not, as a rule, report on them. The local man selling money, bonds, or stocks has issues of his own and will naturally recommend his own as they show a profit and also permit him to handle the money. The usual channels of information are closed to the prospective buyer, and the natural people to go to have something of their own which they think is better—because they have it.

Getting a line on an original issue is no harder than getting it on an issue being traded in through brokers. In deciding what to put money into, there is one safe path to follow.

First, buy original issues. Second, hang on to them and take your profits. Third, do not gamble with stocks any more than you would with cards.

If you want to know what to buy, this is the way to find out. After you have made up your mind to buy original issues and profit with the prosperity of the business they represent, pick out the kind that appeal to you. If you have confidence in an individual who makes his business selling stock, find out what he has. Be careful to see what sort of business it is; remember that in buying the stock you become a partner, and determine whether you would like to be in the business which his stock represents.

You know by the very nature of the business whether it is safe or hazardous. You can readily

realize that money put into stock to develop a patent means a long time before you can even hope for dividends and that the risks are very great all along the line. An undeveloped patent must be developed before anything can be done; then a plant must be secured to make it; it must be sold through a selling organization and no profits ensue until all of the original investment has been taken care of, the goods manufactured and sold, commissions and salaries paid, books balanced and a profit shown. If the public rejects the patent, if the cost of manufacture exceeds a figure that allows for a selling price showing a profit; if collections are slow and credits long, you can see how far away your dividends are.

If you contemplate buying stock in a manufacturing business, remember that the same things have to be gone through as with a patent with the exception that in an established manufacturing business the experimental stage is probably past and all that stands between you and dividends is the marketability of the manufactured goods, the management of the company, the continuance of the favorable labor market and public demand.

Because of these things, speculation in stocks result. People do not want to wait for their dividends or profits. They want to put in their money, turn the crank and take their profits. This tendency on the part of the American public makes bucket shops and questionable brokerage houses thrive.

There are classes of investments which pay quick, legitimate and almost immediate returns. These investments are in the stock of firms dealing in money where the element of chance is largely eliminated, where there is no overhead, buildings, plants, machinery or questionable public demand to be contended with. Financial concerns pay very acceptable dividends and, well managed, pay almost from the start. This cannot be said of any other line of business. There is never any question as to the demand for money on good security, so that the firm with money to sell always has its market at its door. There is no question as to the profits, for the interest rate is established and the returns can always be reinvested an indefinite number of times. There is no business which makes such immediate profits as the business of dealing in money. Statistics are quoted showing that less than one per cent of the business failures involving a loss to stockholders is among financing firms, while the balance of the 99 per cent is in manufacturing and mercantile business.

When you buy an original issue in a financing concern you want to know three things. First, is it well and conservatively managed. Second, what is the established rate of return on the stock and is it cumulative, and are there opportunities to profit beyond the percentage established? In other words, if you buy eight per

cent preferred stock, be sure that it is cumulative, so that if a dividend period ever is passed, the amount accrues to you later on, and that if the business profits beyond this, you either have an interest in the common or that the preferred shares pay extra dividends when earned. Third, what sort of collateral they accept, and what steps are taken to protect your investment.

All of these questions can be answered easily; in fact, it is not hard to get them first handed. In the first place, the management lies with the officers. You can get individual reports on them through the commercial agencies. Second, the prospectus will answer most of the second question, but you can get that definitely by writing the firm itself. You can also get an answer to the third question by taking it up direct, but here is where you have to use your own judgment. You know good collateral yourself. You know what sort of collateral is safe and what is not. You know that first mortgages are safe. You know that chattel mortgages are good, that commercial paper properly endorsed is good. Chattel mortgages issued on automobiles, pianos, farm machinery and other collateral of this nature is safe. In the first place, before a chattel mortgage is issued, a substantial payment must be made on the goods. The minimum is one-third, and it is usually about one-half. The mortgage is signed by the buyer and then signed by one or two more people, so that you have at least double endorsements behind your investment. If you think you would like to get into the financing business, the way is to buy the stock of good financing concerns engaged in the business described, but buy the original issue. Original issues represent the original investment. If the business grows and needs to issue more stock, your original holding will increase in the same proportion—this is where stock dividends come from. If you want quick returns on a legitimate basis, this is probably as sure a way as there is.

On the other hand if you are willing to wait and ride along without caring about when the dividends show up, you will be all right to buy industrials, provided you take every precaution to assure yourself of the safety and earning power of the business. If you simply want to speculate, and do not want a legitimate business connection for your funds, that is something that no advice can be given on other than to say—unless you have money you want to toss about for the excitement it gives, you don't do it.

There is money to be made in the purchase of stocks. In fact, the fortunes of the country are built up on them. Anybody can buy stocks safely and profitably if they will take the same care they do in buying a box of strawberries in the market. The trouble is that in buying stock, too many people become excited over a name, do not investigate, and let somebody else handle their money for them instead of doing it themselves.



# A Sales Tax Authority

*Jules S. Bache arousing and directing a sentiment for a sound business plan of taxation in the United States, to take the place of the present destructive system*

**W**ALL STREET firms are legion, but no name stands higher in the financial world than that of J. S. Bache & Co. Mr. Jules S. Bache, the senior partner of the firm, is recognized as a brilliant leader among business men. His own firm is one of the largest and most substantial houses on the New York Stock Exchange.

He has been the moving spirit in many enterprises which are today developed successes.

His mind is capable of quickly comprehending a business situation, of grasping the vital points, and almost invariably and instantly of arriving at a conclusion based on sound business judgment. This is the keynote of his successful business career.

Mr. Jules S. Bache was born in New York City on November 9, 1861. He was educated in the Charlier Institute, New York. He began his business career at seventeen, in the employ of his father, who was an importer of glass. He threw his youthful energy into the task before him and acquired, before long, a comprehensive idea of the particular industry in which he was engaged.

Mr. Bache entered Wall Street in 1880, in the employ of Leopold Cahn & Co., bankers, as cashier. Twelve years later the name of the firm was changed to J. S. Bache & Co., and under this title has existed and grown, up to the present time.

This great house has memberships on the New York Stock Exchange, Philadelphia, Detroit and Chicago Stock Exchanges, the New York Cotton, Coffee and Produce Exchanges, Chicago Board of Trade, and in the New Orleans Cotton Exchange and the Liverpool Cotton Association. It maintains branch offices at Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Detroit, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Syracuse, Schenectady, Worcester, Omaha, Toledo, Tulsa, Kansas City and St. Louis. Its private wire system is most extensive and connects with all the important financial centers, and in those cities where branches are not maintained it has reliable correspondents.

Mr. Bache is a director in twenty-two large industrial and banking concerns, and gives to each of these active executive attention and the benefit of his matured experience.

He early began to be interested in art matters and pursued his investigations for many years. He has accumulated a collection of paintings which is given a high place, by experts, among other collections in this country.

Aside from his own business and personal interests, Mr. Bache has devoted much time to affairs of general welfare.

The most outstanding of these latterly has been his active interest in the reformation of the vicious tax system of the United States; advocating the adoption of the Sales Tax as a substitute.

The history of this movement is interesting. In the *Bache Review* of January 26, 1918, the first



**JULES S. BACHE**, one of the most widely known men in financial circles in this country, and intimately associated with many great industrial concerns, has taken an active interest in the reformation of the tax system of the United States, and has aroused a widespread favoring sentiment among business men by his advocacy of the adoption of a sales tax

## RETROSPECT

MY feet are weary of the way,  
The sun shines hot upon my face;  
So much to live in one brief day,  
Far—high above my stopping place.

God—when my soul full perfect is  
May I look back along the way,  
And know that every burning hour  
Was not too great a price to pay!

—Theodocia Pearce

public appeal for the adoption of the Tax on Sales, practically as now advocated, as a sound solution of the tax problem, was made. The method of taxation in the United States, as then in operation and as now continued, was destructive, and had begun to tax the sources of capital in the United States to an alarming degree.

Other appeals in the *Review* for the adoption of this better tax system followed, and these were widely quoted and helped to inspire the growing favor with which the plan began to be received by right-thinking people.

In the spring of 1920 Mr. Bache, who had become deeply interested in the advantages of the plan and the necessity, if business was to be saved from drastic depression, of interesting the country and Congress in bringing about a change in the taxing system, proposed that a personal letter be sent to the presidents of each of twenty-eight thousand banks throughout the United States, presenting the facts and urging co-operation in educating the people and the law-makers to a realization of the situation.

A growing interest in the tax was created and many business men wanted to hear about the subject first hand. Mr. Bache was called upon by the Broadway Association and the Economic Club to address them. The proposals he outlined were received with enthusiasm and made hundreds of converts, which was extended to many thousands, when he was afterwards induced to speak to Chambers of Commerce and business boards in various cities throughout the country.

The sentiment for this sound business plan of taxation, growing from a small beginning, spread gradually over the whole country, and today nearly every thinking business man in the United States is in favor of it.

The most convincing testimony showing the attitude of the best business minds in the country toward the Turnover Tax is furnished through the result of the final referendum of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which was announced on July 30, 1921. More than five hundred business organizations, each representing hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of business men, voted in the referendum. The result of the balloting shows that this vast body of representative men decisively preferred the general Turnover Tax, and the Chamber of Commerce announced itself as committed to the Sales Tax as a substitute for all the obnoxious taxes on business which have been hectoring and destroying industry for several years.

Other important organizations have expressed themselves forcibly in favor of this tax—notably the National Association of Manufacturers, composed of thirty-five hundred important manufacturing concerns, whose vote was overwhelmingly for the tax.

Mr. Bache has become the authority on the Sales Tax in the United States.



# A Napoleon of Advertising

*Edmund D. Gibbs told the world about the National Cash Register so effectively that other concerns all over the globe in other lines of business adopted that company's selling methods*

IT seemed like a home coming when Edmund D. Gibbs returned to Dayton as Advertising Director of the National Cash Register Company. In the early 90's, young Gibbs traveled with Mr. Patterson on long convention trips. They visited fifty agencies in fifty-one days and held meetings every business day, thus coming in contact with the real personnel of the organizations, for the sales agents in each district attended these meetings. They were called in from outlying territories to central points.

Every section of the United States was covered during the eventful year of the World's Fair in Chicago. It was at this time that Gibbs, who was familiar with the creative and fundamental facts, was asked by Mr. Patterson to prepare a sales talk for the men in charge of the various exhibits of the National Cash Register Company. This was the beginning of the famous sales manual of the company originally compiled by Mr. Gibbs, which has become a veritable textbook of sales arguments; arguments secured in face to face visits, and also from material sent in by the salesmen.

Mr. Gibbs assisted Mr. Patterson in establishing the first training school for salesmen that this world has ever known. Everything was done to encourage the men, believing that, after all, the real vital force of business was salesmanship, and that efficiency could not come without training. Various organizations since have followed in the wake of this plan.

In company with Mr. Robert Patterson, who was then Vice-president of the Company, Gibbs made a trip to Europe, remaining there three years, doing promotional work. This was the opening wedge of the tremendous development of American trade abroad in which the National Cash Register Company took the initiative. It was campaign work, for Europe was not familiar with American methods, and outside of Great Britain very few of the customers understood the English language.

In the first year over there, the business of the company was increased sixty-two per cent, and this shows what training will do. The N. C. R. Training School, together with its other systems for educating its salesmen, was so successful that concerns all the world over adopted the National Cash Register Company's methods.

All during this time, this human dynamo, known as E. D. Gibbs, handled all of the advertising of the company personally, designing and writing everything. He also originated the well-known moving window displays which became world famous. He planned the factory lecture, which consisted of a great number of motion pictures and stereopticon slides, illustrating a trip through the factory. This lecture was written and delivered by him throughout Great Britain, and was the first industrial motion picture ever used in this way.

In 1906 he left the Company and became advertising and sales counsel, continuing this work



**EDMUND D. GIBBS**, Past Master of Advertising Science, originated and directed the advertising and publicity campaigns that made the National Cash Register a household word the world over

up until four years ago, when he became associated with the B. F. Goodrich Company of Akron, as advertising director, where he added still further fame to Silvertown Cord Tires and other well-known products.

Up to the time of his death, Mr. J. H. Patterson kept in close touch with the young man who was with him on the frontier line in sales development.

## DEFIANCE

**H**ARD against the aged cliffs that front old Ocean's breast

Billows hurl their leagued strength at some unknown behest;

Stands the heroic adamant that never knew repose

Roaring back defiance in the face of ancient foes.

—Henry Dumont in "A Golden Fancy."

When Mr. Gibbs resigned from the B. F. Goodrich Company in May of this year, it was not long before he was called back to the National Cash Register Company. While away, he kept in close touch with the work of the company through all the intervening years.

E. D. Gibbs was President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World during the difficult constructive pioneer days when the problem was to hold the clubs together and build up a national association.

He presided at the first great meeting of the clubs at Louisville, when many prominent men were speakers.

He is a past president of the Sphinx Club of New York City, the oldest advertising club of its kind in the world. He is also a charter member of the famous Sphinx Club of London, which he helped to organize when in that country. He is ex-president of the extremely active and equally well-known Sales Managers' Club of New York, also former president of the Chicago Advertising Association, Philadelphia Sales Managers' Club and many others that reflect his genius in organization work.

He welcomed the delegation from the British Empire at the Atlantic City Convention, and is again attacking vigorously the great life-work with which he has been identified, with headquarters at New York City and at Dayton.

Gibbs is epigrammatic in word and speech and forceful in vision and conception. He pays great tribute to Mr. J. H. Patterson for a few simple rules in advertising:

"Aim for dramatic effects either in speaking or writing. Study them out beforehand. This holds the attention.

"Few words—short sentences—small words—big ideas.

"Tell *why* as well as *how*.

"Do not be afraid of big type and do not put too much on a page.

"Do not crowd ideas in speaking or writing. No advertisement is big enough for two ideas. It is like two families living in the same house.

"Before you try to convince anyone else, make sure that you are convinced, and if you cannot convince yourself, drop the subject. Do not try to 'put over' anything.

"Tell the truth."

The Goodrich people, in their announcement of Mr. Gibbs' retirement, paid him a wonderful tribute as to the part he had played during the trying economic depression of the rubber business.

As one Goodrich official said: "Friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thyself with hoops of steel." You are grappled to your friends and you won't and can't get away from them." No one who has ever had anything to do with E. D. Gibbs as a fellow-worker or a friend, can ever forget the part he has played in bringing advertising and exploitation to the highest plane of development in the business world.



# Uncle Sam's Ships of the Air

*They carry the mails above the clouds from coast to coast, destroy the insect pests that ravage the cotton fields of the South, and guard the vast forests of the Pacific slope from fire*



**T**HOUGH air flight is one of man's oldest and most enticing dreams, the modern science of aeronautics as demonstrated in actual flights by heavier-than-air machines is of such recent birth and is grow-

ing at such an astounding rate that it is extremely difficult to make a comprehensive survey of its accomplishments without omitting many essential facts. History is being made overnight in this new enlargement of man's domination of the elements, and records of speed, endurance, altitude and distance are being made and broken so astonishingly often that the non-professional observer becomes bewildered.

For uncounted centuries Man has dreamed of the conquest of the air. Stories of the attempts of venturesome men to construct some sort of flying machine persist since the earliest recorded history. Greek mythology is rich in aeronautical legends, and in the legendary lore of the Peruvians, the East Indians, and the Babylonians we find similar traditions of efforts to master gravity and navigate the air.

Leonardo da Vinci, that consummate genius of the sixteenth century, besides being a painter, an architect, a sculptor, an engineer and a designer of fortifications, was an aeronaut in embryo. In a museum at Paris are still preserved his drawings and specifications for a set of wings designed to enable men to fly.

The fallacy that a man could, by the flapping of a set of properly constructed wings, overcome the force of gravity persisted up to a comparatively recent day—with many farcical and some tragic consequences.

Though from the earliest days of history inventive geniuses have grappled with the problem of navigation of the air, it is only within two hundred years that any really feasible solution has been arrived at. And the men who gave practical effect to the vague theories that have persisted for uncounted centuries are either still living or have so recently passed away that their names are still familiar to us all.

The airship of today is young—younger even than the automobile—that other transportation wonder of the century, which has grown so necessary to our every day comfort and convenience as to have become commonplace.

It is not yet quite twenty years (the date, to be exact, was December 17, 1903) since the Wright brothers made their first airplane flight—a flight that lasted for fifty-nine seconds. On May third and fourth of this year Lieutenants Kelly and Macready, United States Army aviators, flew more than twenty-five hundred miles in less than twenty-seven hours, on a non-stop

By MAITLAND LEROY  
OSBORNE

transcontinental flight. That, I believe, pretty well tells the story of the amazing advance in man's conquest of the air.

There is, too, in this connection something that I want to get down before I become involved in an entanglement of records and accomplishments, and that is that the United States now holds virtually all official aviation records of any consequence. This country, which, though the birthplace of Aviation, for a time was somewhat backward along certain phases of aeronautical activity, has experienced an awakening, and in the space of a very short time has amply demonstrated to the world that, as the birthplace of the airplane, it now occupies its rightful place in aeronautics, not only in airplane and engine design, but in aircraft performance as well.

A Curtiss racing machine has shown its heels to the fastest airplane that the best engineering skill abroad has thus far designed; the good old Liberty 12 engine is still king of them all, and a few weeks ago nobly performed its task of running along uninterruptedly and keeping the Army Transport T-2 in the air for thirty-six hours and

five minutes, thus enabling those two stars in the aeronautic firmament, Lieutenants Kelly and Macready, to establish at one and the same time a new official world's duration and maximum distance record, as well as hanging up new records for 2,500, 3,000, 3,500 and 4,000 kilometers. Thus in one day all of the aviation records heretofore held by French pilots went by the board.

The old reliable Liberty, equipped with a supercharger invented by an American aeronautical engineer at McCook Field, enabled Lieutenant Macready to climb to the highest altitude ever reached by a human being.

In the matter of training airplane pilots, the Army Air Service stands pre-eminent. Unusual feats performed by our various airmen substantiate this statement in the fullest sense. Our pilots now hold the official world's records for speed, duration, distance and altitude. We have pilots who have made a pioneer trip from New York to Nome, Alaska, and return, covering a stretch of country never before flown over, and pilots (a group of twelve) who successfully negotiated a flight over land and water from San Antonio, Texas, to San Juan, Porto Rico, and return; we have a pilot (Lieutenant Doolittle) who flew from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast within twenty-four hours and with only one intermediate stop; we have any number of pilots who made successful airplane flights half way across



Official photograph, U.S. Army Air Service, Photographic Section

**L**IEUTENANT JOHN A. MACREADY (left) and **L**IEUTENANT OAKLEY G. KELLY (right) of the Army Air Service—the first aviators to successfully negotiate a non-stop flight from coast to coast of the United States. Both of these pilots, famous in aviation circles for skill, endurance and achievements, are holders of world's records in various test flights. They are now making plans and arranging the preliminary details for a flight around the world

the continent, and several who made the entire trip across with a number of intermediate stops.

The Army Air Service can now boast of holding all the world's records in aviation that are

epoch-making achievements which the Air Service has accumulated?

Coming back to the question of speed records and considering the various developments in aircraft during the past fifteen years, we cannot help but marvel at the amazing advancement that has been made in airplane speed performance. The early Wright machine made a speed of about forty miles an hour, or two-thirds of a mile a minute. One might well imagine Orville Wright's feelings when, as the official observer of the N. A. A. Contest Committee, he saw Lieutenant Maitland actually skim through the air at the terrific pace of four and one-half miles a minute—281 miles an hour—approximately one-third as fast as the muzzle velocity of a pound and a half shell fired from a Vickers automatic gun, and one-sixth as fast as the muzzle velocity of a shell fired from a 14-inch or 16-inch coast defense gun.

Who can venture to hazard a guess as to what the ultimate speed of an airplane will be?

THE history of aviation is Romance realized. When Jules Verne evolved in that wonderful brain of his the story of "A Voyage to the Moon," he visioned the ultimate imaginary goal of man's endeavor to overcome the limits of time and space—to make himself the master of the air as he has made himself the master of the earth and of the waters that surround it.

It is to me a most amazing thought that a human being has ventured further into that mysterious void through which this whirling sphere goes endlessly on its journey around the sun than any other living thing—and

has returned in safety to tell us his experience. Not the great condor of the Andes itself could reach the altitude attained by Lieutenant John A. Macready, and support life in the rarefied and sub-frigid atmosphere that exists at such great distances from the earth's surface.

For over a year before his record-breaking achievement, Lieutenant Macready had been attempting to reach an altitude higher than had been previously attained, but on each trial something had gone wrong, and it had been necessary to descend in trouble. But on September 20, 1921, all the conditions seemed favorable for the attempt, and as he climbed higher and higher in a great spiral around and above the city of Dayton, he began to believe that it might be possible to reach the absolute ceiling of the plane.

It has been pretty definitely established, as the result of test flights, that the possible limit of altitude flying is gauged by the physical limitations of the pilots themselves rather than the mechanical limitations of the planes.

The experience of Major Schroeder, who established the previous altitude record before freezing his eyeballs and falling with his plane for a distance of six miles while in an unconscious condition, has been utilized to safeguard the pilots in other altitude flights.

Lieutenant Macready, to guard against the extremely low temperature which he was to encounter, wore outside his military uniform a heavy suit of woolen underwear and over this a thick, heavily-padded, leather-covered suit made of down and feathers. On his feet were fleeced-lined moccasins, and his hands were covered with fur-lined gloves. His leather head mask was lined with fur, with an oxygen mask attached. The inner side of his goggles was covered with a film of a secret gelatin compound designed to keep ice from forming on the inside of the goggles at sixty degrees below freezing.

Besides the standard oxygen equipment of five flasks containing together a pressure of 2,300 pounds, he had an additional emergency flask containing a pressure of 1,500 pounds, which would lead directly from the flask through a tube into the mouth.

An altitude flight is a continual study of the pilot's physical condition. How far can he go without complete and utter collapse is the problem being studied. As the plane approaches the limit of distance from the earth at which life is supportable without resort to artificial stimulation, any exertion causes a need for oxygen. The sight becomes dim and uncertain, a slowing up of the senses is apparent, the brain center ceases to function, and the pilot lapses into



**THE APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL MASON M. PATRICK** as Chief of the Army Air Service, with the rank of Major General, on October 4, 1921, was a recognition of his conspicuously efficient service as Chief of the Air Service of the A. E. F. When the United States entered the war, he was one of the first to proceed to France, sailing August 7, 1917, from New York, as Colonel of the famous 1st Engineers, which regiment he had organized and trained. Shortly after his arrival in France, Colonel Patrick was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was successively appointed to the positions of Chief Engineer of the Lines of Communications, Commanding General of the Lines of Communications, and Director of Construction and Forestry. In this latter capacity he was charged with the direction of all engineer construction in the A. E. F. General Patrick's chief contribution to the winning of the war was as Chief of the Air Service, A. E. F., to which position he was appointed on May 29, 1918, and shortly thereafter promoted to the rank of Major General. In the face of extraordinary difficulties he thoroughly reorganized the Air Service, placing it on an efficient working basis. In recognition of his conspicuous services, General Patrick was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, and decorations by England, France, Italy and Belgium.

worth while—for speed, endurance, altitude and distance. Lieutenant John A. Macready is vitally connected with three of these records. He, alone, holds the world's altitude record, and shares with Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelly the endurance and distance records. Lieutenant Russell L. Maughan, winner of the Pulitzer Race, holds the world's speed record over a closed circuit. Thus have American Army Air Service pilots forged to the front within recent months in competition with the best aviation talent in the world.

A New York newspaper quoted General Mitchell as having declared, smilingly, upon the conclusion of the record duration flight, that "We hold every airplane record that was ever known, and if there is one around that we don't know of and if someone will tell us of it, we'll proceed to take it." Who wouldn't have such unbounded confidence after the long string of

#### LOADING A PLANE WITH MAIL AT WASHINGTON.

No more striking example of the time-saving possibilities of the airship in the conduct of modern business can be found than by a comparison of the time required to transport mail from New York to San Francisco by plane and by train. By the Transcontinental Air Mail Route, the time required between these two cities is between thirty and thirty-two hours. The best mail train time is an hour or two less than five days. With the establishment of through Transcontinental Mail Service, which will be in operation within a few weeks, it is planned to carry mail from New York to San Francisco in twenty-eight hours.



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semi- or complete unconsciousness. To nearly approach the extreme limit of endurance without losing control of the plane requires a nice degree of judgment.

Lieutenant Macready's theory is that the final point of extreme danger can be determined in time to start the plane on its long downward glide toward the earth—or that if the pilot actually becomes unconscious, the mental concentration, worry and determination undergone in striving to keep from loss of consciousness will operate to bring him back to a normal condition when favorable atmospheric conditions are reached, just as a sleeper automatically awakens at a certain pre-determined hour.

That this is a tenable theory was proved in the case of Major Schroeder, who after falling for a distance of six miles while unconscious, was restored to consciousness in time to regain control of his plane and make a safe landing.

On Lieutenant Macready's record-breaking altitude flight he suffered no inconvenience until he had reached approximately 39,000 feet, when the ice formed by his breath within the mask clogged the oxygen tube, so that the force of its flow became diminished and he began to feel bad effects from its lack.

At 40,800 feet above sea level, as indicated on the dial, the power of the engine quickly diminished, and at 41,200 feet the absolute ceiling of the plane was reached.

Suspended thus in space between earth and heaven, more than seven and a half miles from terra firma, at the highest altitude ever reached by a living organism, surrounded by an atmosphere so rarified that the extremely large propeller specially installed for the trip above the clouds, though whirling at a speed of more than

a thousand revolutions per minute, could barely maintain the equilibrium of the plane—fluttering like a moth against the ceiling of the world—in a temperature lower than that encountered at the poles, this man-made bird of the air swung and rolled practically beyond control for nearly five minutes before its pilot, convinced of the utter impossibility of gaining another foot of altitude, took thought of his own safety, and of how he was to return to earth.

The controls were almost useless, as there was not enough sustaining surface to move the plane in the desired direction. The slight movement that he made when he pulled the throttle back in order to glide down, so disturbed the delicate equilibrium of the plane that the effect was like cutting the string of a suspended weight, and the machine dropped like a plummet.

Before he could make the proper readjustments, the engine and radiator had cooled so quickly that there was no warmth in the cockpit from the radiator pipes running through it to warm the pilot, and as a result it became much colder, and ice forming on the inside of his goggles caused temporary blindness.

He was feeling weak and groggy, and realized that there was danger of passing out completely. His mind ceased to be active, and only the little warning mentor, ticking away at the back of his brain, told him that it was useless to struggle—that when the altitude had been sufficiently reduced he would probably come back to normal and be able to regain control of his machine. So he relaxed and let the plane flutter like a wounded bird until, after falling for about two miles, at something like 30,000 feet above the earth he became normal, resumed control of the plane, changed his goggles, and continued his glide downward to an elevation of 20,000 feet, where he flew in a circle for a period of twenty minutes in order to lessen the effects of a sudden change from an extremely high altitude to the ground.

Lieutenant Macready landed safely, and with Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelley made the first non-stop transcontinental flight in May.

THIS, the greatest achievement of the air, links the Atlantic and Pacific oceans with a new if invisible bond. First, the long, slow, weary trail of the covered wagon toiling overland to establish a new and mighty kingdom in the West. Then the railroad pushing its way across

the deserts and the plains to link the East and the West with indissoluble bonds of steel. Came next the telegraph to demonstrate "what wonders hath God wrought." The "wireless" spark



**BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL**, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, is our most experienced aviation officer. Being assigned to the Aviation Service in 1916, he was sent to France before the entrance of America into the war as military observer, and upon declaration of hostilities, immediately went to the front with the French aviation and was the first American officer in the war to fly over the lines. In the formation days of American aviation at the front, all the advance units were under Colonel Mitchell. He was in control of all aviation units of the Americans at the front at Chateau Thierry, and was Chief of Air Service for all aviation units of the First Army, St. Mihiel Offensive, and Chief of Air Service of the group of armies including both the First and Second Armies during the Argonne Offensive. When the Third Army was formed to occupy Germany, he was appointed Chief of Air Service of the Third Army. At St. Mihiel, the largest aerial concentration in the history of the war, which was made by the English, French, Belgian, Italian and American aviation, was placed under his command. General Mitchell is a rare tactician and a wonderful strategist. He is, first of all, a fighter and a flying officer. The fact that General Mitchell himself continually flew alone over the lines was one of the greatest inspirations of the American airmen at the front in the dark days when no American equipment was being received. He served in thirteen major engagements in France, and was awarded the following decorations: Distinguished Service Cross for extraordinary heroism in action; Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally meritorious service; the French Croix de Guerre with five palms, for exceptional bravery; he was promoted by the Marechal of France to a Commander of the Legion of Honor; the British bestowed upon him the Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; and he was awarded the Italian decoration—Commenda di SS. Maurizio e Lazzaro, Italian War Cross, and Order of the Crown of Italy.

that flashed across the gap between the oceans seemed to our awed comprehension the zenith of achievement until, three hundred years from the time the Pilgrims first set foot upon these shores, the human voice, in fulfillment of Webster's glorious prophecy, was carried over the telephone from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate when Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts greeted Governor Stephens of California. Again an invisible bond was forged by the globe-encircling radio. And now the airplane—in one continuous flight.

Do we realize, I wonder, just what that means?



**MAJOR CHARLES J. GLIDDEN**, President of the World's Board of Aeronautical Commissioners, Inc., whose purpose it is to advance aeronautics and encourage use of aircraft commercially throughout the world. During the war, Major Glidden served for twenty-six months as an officer in the air service. He is an international balloon pilot, and one of the incorporators of the Aero Club of America. During 1919-20 he made his third trip around the world, traveling about forty thousand miles in the interest of aeronautics.





Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service, Photographic Section

**LIEUTENANT RUSSELL L. MAUGHAN**, speed king of the air, holder of the 250 kilometers high speed record over a closed circuit. On March 29 of this year at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, he wrested the one kilometer world's record from Sadi Lecointe, the French speed marvel, flying at the rate of 236 miles per hour. For several years, as a member of the Army Air Service, Lieutenant Maughan has been engaged in forest fire patrol work

Do we properly comprehend the significance of this tremendous advance in human achievement within so inconsiderable a space of time? There are men still living who made the journey from the New England states to California in the gold rush of '49. They utilized every possible means of conveyance that existed at that time. They were many weary months upon the way—lured by the strongest passion that fires the souls of men: the greed for gold. It had taken many other months for the tremendous news to cross the continent. Today, within a few minutes' time, here in Boston we would get the news—and, with the aid of an airplane, in the matter of a day and night we could be in California with our pick and shovel.

I am moved to repeat the late Professor Hutchinson's classic comment: "Marvelous! Marvelous!" Indeed, "The world do move!"

At a little after noon on Wednesday, May 2d, the army monoplane T-2 hopped off from the field at Hempstead, New York. At a little after noon the next day its two pilots, tired but exultant, climbed stiffly from it at Rockwell Field in San Diego amid a scene of wildest enthusiasm.

The two air navigators, their faces splotched with oil and grease, but wreathed in grins, were lifted to the shoulders of the surging crowd that, thrilled by the sight of the beautiful airship when it settled gracefully to the ground like a tired bird, brushed the cordon of guards aside and bore down resistlessly upon them—madly cheering the record-makers.

As a time and distance annihilating feat, this accomplishment of Lieutenants Macready and Kelly sets a new record that will be hard to beat. As direct as the crow flies they had winged their way across the continent—two thousand and seven hundred miles, more than one-tenth of the distance around the world—at an average speed of more than a hundred miles an hour.

Despite the tremendous activity that has arisen in Europe since the war, no European airship has thus far approached this record.

**T**HE airplane has already become an economic factor in our daily life. It is indisputable that the time impends when it will be as commonplace and usual a necessity as the railroad, the steamship and the automobile.

By its aid the billion-dollar pest of the southern states—the boll weevil—that, unless exterminated, will surely destroy for all time the staple agricultural dependence of the South, is being successfully combatted. The extreme importance of this service can hardly be over-estimated when we consider that this unwelcome visitor from Mexico has practically devastated something like 97 per cent of the cotton-growing area of the United States.

In map-making and topographic survey work the airplane is proving itself to be invaluable. A topographic survey of Washington and the District of Columbia has been made in two hours from airplane photos that would have taken at least twenty years of surveying to complete. From an airplane it is even possible to discern a longitudinal variation of sixty feet in one day on the border line between the United States and Canada.

By their use maps are being made that show the courses of the prevailing winds, and every current of the sky is being as definitely charted as the currents of the seas. Aeroplanes can

determine the velocity and direction of the winds and the fall of rain, thus supplementing and fortifying the predictions of the weather bureau by physical observations and scientific data. Indeed, by use of an airplane, rain can be induced at will whenever clouds are present, as was recently demonstrated when an airplane flying over the city of Dayton and scattering electrified sand broke up the clouds hovering over the city and precipitated rain.

The aerial forest fire patrol is doing a work of incalculable benefit for those states where it is now in operation. During the season of 1922 the government expended approximately \$52,000 in maintaining an aerial patrol over the forests of Oregon—a state that possesses about one-fifth of the standing timber in the United States.

The protection of Oregon's timber means the conservation of her greatest natural wealth, the source of her largest revenue. It is roughly estimated that the value of the timber within the district covered by the aerial patrol in that state amounts to half a billion dollars, which figures out a cost to the government of ten cents for every \$1,000 worth of standing timber thus insured against destruction by fire for a year.

It cost the government during the summer of 1921 \$128,528.28 to operate airplanes over the forested areas of the states of California, Oregon and Washington, comprising 150,000 square miles. The value of the timber protected in this area is estimated at \$625,000,000, making the cost of protection afforded by the airplanes slightly over 2 per cent—a very small ratio when we consider the added value of the watersheds and other resources depending upon the forest protection.

As far back as 1912 the use of aircraft for forest patrol was given consideration as a valuable adjunct, on account of its superior mobility and



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**LIEUTENANT JAMES G. EDGARTON**, who brought the first mail into Washington by airplane in 1918. Now the aerial mail service has become almost as much of a commonplace necessity as the gray-clad mail carrier who trudges from door to door

range of observation. In 1919 the first protective flying activities over forested areas was started, and continued during 1920-21. The lessons learned in the previous years were applied during the 1921 season with gratifying results. The efficiency of the patrol increased noticeably, due to the experience of the observers in reading the topography of the country. Having acted in the same capacity the summer before and flying over the same territory, the observers had come to know the location of every sawmill and lumber camp, and no longer wasted time in trying to determine the source of smoke rising in spots where they knew smoke logically belonged. They knew the areas where men had received permits to burn brush, and did not cause confusion at headquarters by reporting these licensed blazes.

A conception of the values involved in forest protection are made apparent in a letter received from Forester H. S. Graves, wherein he states that of the total forested area of the United States, about 550,000,000 acres, approximately 27 per cent is under government ownership and comprises National Forests, National Parks, Indian Reservations, Military Reservations, and unreserved public lands. Lumbering comes next to agriculture among the basic industries of the United States. Its importance is emphasized by the investment of two and one-third billion dollars and its employment of over 900,000 men. The estimated value of the timber resources of the United States is more than six billion dollars. Statistics indicate that the average damage caused by forest fires annually amounts to approximately ten million dollars. These statistics also show that there are upwards of 28,000 forest fires annually in the United States, and that the average acreage burned over annually is more than eight million acres. The National Forests comprise 150 million acres and contain an estimated stand of timber of six million feet, board measure, per acre. A conception of this figure may be had when it is realized that the average annual cut in timber throughout the United States amounts to forty billion feet.

The significance of the aerial forest fire patrol is very real to those states which have experienced its benefits. These states know from actual



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service, Photographic Section

**LIEUTENANT LESTER J. MAITLAND** has traveled at a greater rate of speed than any other human being on earth. After service in Honolulu, he returned to the United States to fly and make records for the Army Air Service. During the speed contests at Wilbur Wright Field in March of this year he hurtled through the air at the terrific speed of four-and-one-half miles per minute—281 miles per hour. Only a technicality barred him from official record as the world's speed monarch of the air.

experience that the fire-fighting airplane is an agency by means of which the sacrifice of vast stands of timber may be averted. Local forest officers of the California National Forest believe that the Grindstone Fire, which occurred in September, 1922, covering approximately forty thousand acres and costing \$23,000 to suppress, would have been discovered in its incipency if the air patrol had been in effect.

Another field of usefulness has been found for the airplane in connection with the conservation of our food supply in the great work being done by the Department of Agriculture to eliminate the black stem rust of wheat—a plant disease which has already caused countless loss to the farmers in the wheat belts of the country, not to mention the curtailment of wheat production as a result. The layman, while he may fully realize the important part an airplane can play in fighting forest fires, may well be puzzled as to how it fits in with the work of the Department of Agriculture in combatting wheat rust infections. The answer is quite simple.

Officials of the Department, believing that the spore of this wheat parasite travels in the upper air from Mexico, and possibly Central and South America, came to the conclusion that the only way to put their theory to a test was to catch these spores or germs from the upper air currents. They devised an arrangement whereby glass plates with a mucus substance on one side could be mounted on a rack

on the wing of an airplane, and by a shutter device exposed from a control in the rear seat of the plane at any altitude desired.

This new scientific venture of the Agricultural Department was conducted last summer at a number of Air Service flying fields, with the result that officials of that Department have come to the conclusion that the rust infections on grains and grass are due more to the presence of the barberry bush in the particular localities where the rust infection was prevalent than to spores blown up from the south. The barberry, a shrub which is used to some extent for ornaments and hedges, appears to be a host plant for the *accidium* stage of rust, one of a number of diseases wheat is subject to. Wheat rust can be held in check, of course, by destroying these host plants.

Crop surveys are being made in the great wheat and fruit-growing sections of the country by low-flying aeroplanes with an accuracy not previously possible.

The sealing industry, heretofore a fluctuating, hit-or-miss sort of business, which has been steadily declining for several decades, bids fair to recuperate under the ministrations of "Doctor Airplane." By reason of the fact that there was no system of intelligence to guide the sealing fleet in its movements, there was always a likelihood that during the night an ice floe carrying the main herd of seals would drift silently by a few miles away and be far over the horizon before the sealers realized the unkind trick Dame Nature played upon them. The occasions upon which the main herd have been missed in this manner have been numerous, and under such circumstances the disappointed sealers were forced to rest content with such crumbs in the form of detached masses of ice carrying a few seals as happened to come their way. The coming of the seal airplane has changed all this. Seeking for seal-laden drift ice and maintaining constant wireless communication with the sealing fleet has rendered it indispensable to the industry.

Out on the Pacific Coast fishermen have



**MAJOR R. W. SCHROEDER**, the first human being to venture into the great void of frozen silence above the clouds, and whose escape from death is looked upon almost as a miracle. On February 27, 1920, he reached an altitude of 36,130 feet (nearly seven miles above the earth), where, in a temperature sixty-seven degrees below zero, his oxygen tank became exhausted, his eyes were frozen and closed and he lost consciousness. His machine, in a comet-like flight toward the earth, fell in a nose dive more than five miles in a space of two minutes. At a distance of 2,000 feet above the earth, the sudden change in the air pressure crushed the gasoline tanks and restored Major Schroeder to temporary consciousness. With the instinctive movement of the trained aviator, he righted the plane, regained control and effected a safe landing before relapsing again into unconsciousness.





Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Service, Photographic Section

**C**ONGRESSMAN ROY G. FITZGERALD of the Third District of Ohio (at left) and Lieutenant John A. Macready, holder of the world's altitude record (at right). This photograph was taken at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, just before starting on the five-hundred-mile flight to Washington

utilized the airplane in locating schools of fish and leading the boats to large hauls.

The novel experiment of spraying a grove of trees from an aeroplane was first made over the farm of Harry A. Carver, near Troy, Ohio, to prevent further ravages of worms which have twice practically defoliated this grove of five thousand catalpa trees. The plane, piloted by Lieutenant Macready, and carrying E. Dormoy, McCook Field designer, who constructed the sifter used to spray the arsenate of lead powder, flew within twenty or twenty-five feet of the top of the trees, releasing the powder which was carried by the wind and air currents from the ship's propellers into every part of the grove. Treatment of trees in this manner saves much time and labor, as an aeroplane in a few minutes can do work which would require a number of men and many pump sprays several days.

The aerial mail service is being rapidly extended, with the expectation that eventually it will cover the entire country. Indeed, there is not a government department at Washington that is not making some practical use of the airplane, and new avenues of usefulness are opening for it every day.

Under the administration of Secretary Weeks and the direction of General Patrick the Air Service of the Army has been developed to the attainment of the greatest possible skill in all phases of flying, and now the support of capital in commercial activities is naturally following as aeronautics is being lifted from the outlaw class of industries and placed firmly on its feet with substantial government recognition and governmental regulation.

It is expected that the next Congress will evolve a comprehensive plan of legislation designed to accelerate the growth of air navigation. Aviation, which proved a vital factor in war, is proving to be as vital a factor in commerce and industry, and is now being utilized to save that

most valuable of all things—Time—by bringing the widely separated sections of our vast country ever closer and closer together.

**A**IR mail service has been in operation in the United States since May, 1918, and has proved to be a practical, dependable and time-saving method of dispatching the mails. The first route established was from Washington to New York, then the Chicago to New York route was put in operation, and a little over two and a half years ago the transcontinental service supplanted the various short-run routes.

The object of the transcontinental service has been to advance the mails. Mail planes pick up late mail in New York, for example, and carry it to Cleveland, placing it on the Chicago express train which left New York the night before, thus getting it to Chicago in time for delivery in the afternoon, instead of the next morning.

This process is repeated in relays across the continent, with the result that each day some twelve thousand pounds of first-class letter mail is advanced three or four hours over the mail train schedule—which means often a real saving of ten or twelve hours in delivery time.

To keep the transcontinental service in regular operation between New York and San Francisco, twenty-two planes are in the air each day, covering a daily round trip of five thousand, three hundred and sixty miles. Encountering as they do all kinds of weather, the air mail pilots completed ninety-five per cent of the trips scheduled, covering approximately two million miles of air-flight last year without a single fatal accident.

The personnel of the Post Office Department Air Mail Service well deserve the Collier trophy that was bestowed upon them for the "greatest achievement in American aviation in 1922."

This year they are out to win this trophy again by the establishment of a transcontinental through route—continuous air mail service from

New York to San Francisco—three thousand miles in twenty-eight hours, as compared with the best mail train time of five days.

More than a year has been spent in careful preparation for the installation of this service, and Colonel Paul Henderson, Second Assistant Postmaster General, is calmly confident of the success of the venture.

Within a few weeks now he expects that one of Uncle Sam's "Flying Postmen" will leave New York just before noon on the first leg of the first transcontinental marathon of the air, and arrive in Chicago at sundown. From that city another pilot, flying through the night, will land at dawn at Cheyenne, Wyoming, where the third mailman of the air will be waiting with his plane to carry the sacks of mail over the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras and down to the Golden Gate before sunset.

Continuous regular transcontinental air mail service, if it fulfills the hopes held for its possibilities, will be not only a notable milestone in the history of aviation, but an epic in the progress of transportation as well.

Indeed, it is agreed by aviation experts that the air mail service is one of the greatest pioneers in aviation in America.

**O**NE of the most interesting recent achievements of the Army Air Service, demonstrating as it did the mobility and dependence of the airplane when properly manned and operated under efficient supervision, was the first organized attempt of the Air Service to reach one of our insular possessions by airplane.

Early in March of this year twelve Air Service pilots, under Captain Thomas G. Lanphier, commanding officer of the expedition, hopped off from Miami, Florida, for an extended air cruise by way of Cuba and Haiti to San Juan, Porto Rico, and return, accomplishing the purpose of the expedition on schedule time and without accident, giving a remarkable demonstration not alone of the role which aircraft can play in national defense, but also of the possibilities of quick and easy communication by air with one of our most important island possessions.

So, day by day almost, the airplane is proving itself to be a valued aid to man in many diverse ways. The dream of the centuries is coming true at last and we, here in America, the land that gave birth to the airplane, may well take pride to ourselves for the leading part we have played in bringing about the practical realization of that dream.

Remains now for us to make of the airplane a safe and dependable servant—to map the traffic lanes of the air as the traffic lanes of the earth and sea are mapped—and by strict governmental oversight and supervision so control the traffic of the air as to make it an economic asset for humanity.

Air navigation is an interstate activity, and as such must be subject to the laws governing interstate commerce. These laws, however, must take cognizance of the new agency and be adjusted to meet the new conditions.

Air routes will change the highways of communication just as the coming of the railroad changed the old stage routes. A few years hence a town not shown upon the air map of the United States will be as isolated by comparison as it is today if not shown upon a railroad map.

Meanwhile, the science of aeronautics, which has made such vast strides in the past decade, bids fair to outstrip in practical achievement the most amazing productions of this wonderful century of inventions.



# A Printer Lad Who Won Prominence

*The story of Honorable George W. Fairchild, the business executive and Congressman who accomplished results and never recognized the word "can't" in his lexicon*

**B**IOGRAPHIES of men who are now living are of more interest to the American youth than a review of many of the less prominent sketches of men in a remote past that fill the pages of bulky encyclopedias. The boys and girls of today want to know something that connects them with tomorrow, and the careers of typical Americans of today can be read with understanding, learning how they have succeeded and overcome obstacles and handicaps.

One of the typical Americans whose life career dramatizes the sterling qualities that underlie the very construction of citizenship is former Congressman George W. Fairchild. He comes of good Connecticut Revolutionary stock, and was born in Oneonta, New York—one of nine children. At an early age the responsibilities of the family devolved upon him, as the eldest son, and his first ambition was to help his mother with her struggles.

With this capacity for helpfulness and self-reliance always comes a hunger for knowledge. As he sat in the village school, young Fairchild was planning a future for the one purpose of helping his mother. At the age of thirteen he began work on a farm at \$8 a month, and knows what it is to do "chores" before dawn and after dark—a full day's work. The ambition for a college education was stimulated in that village school. He realized it would cost money.

The next thing to that was the printer's trade. At fourteen he was employed in the office of an Oneonta newspaper at \$3.00 a week for the first year. The second year he received \$4, and the third year \$5 a week. He learned his trade thoroughly and at the age of seventeen was a master printer. The employer of George W. Fairchild was so pleased with his work that he wrote a certificate of his completed apprenticeship on the fly-leaf of a Webster dictionary and presented it to him. This book is now one of the choicest of the large library of Mr. Fairchild.

Night after night he was reading poetry, history, biographies and Shakespeare, and the Bard of Avon almost became a personal friend. He it was who laid the foundation of the philosophy in the life of George W. Fairchild.

While a foreman, at eighteen, in the office of the *Bainbridge Republican*, came the instinct to travel. He went to Binghamton, where he obtained a position, but ever journeyed on as a printer journeyman, settling finally at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

At the case he always had a good "string," and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the speediest compositors on the road. He would usually dump the first stickful in the race to fill the galley. At the age of nineteen he was holding down a case in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and later worked in Indianapolis, Terre Haute, and on the Cincinnati *Inquirer*. He caught the very inner atmosphere of the newspaper and print shop from the case, and followed in the wake of "Mark Twain" and M. Quad as master tramp printer.



**G**EORGE W. FAIRCHILD started his phenomenally successful business life as a printer. He has been a leader, an originator, a developer in many varied lines of endeavor. As a long-time member of Congress he established a high record of efficient service and a deserved reputation for legislative wisdom. As a business man, and as a statesman he exemplifies the highest conception of American citizenship

When George Fairchild returned home, he had assembled an experience in travel that surpassed many advantages of a collegiate education. His first night in New York was spent in a so-called "hotel," where he had to push the bed against the door to protect the small roll of money he had accumulated.

After another return visit at the home town, the wanderlust came, and he journeyed to New York, where he took a position with J. J. Little in the printing of Trow's New York Directory. Then he began to know names and full use of the "upper case."

**D**URING the Hayes-Tilden campaign he prepared a Presidential Chart, and then and there began his real interest in political life. Again came the call from the home town and he returned to Oneonta, where he obtained work on the *Herald* at ten dollars a week, less than half the salary he had been earning in New York. However, he was now "foreman." He began saving and investing in real estate—looking after his savings. Finally he acquired an interest in the paper.

Here it was that he met Mr. Harlow E. Bundy, who was living in Oneonta, and who was a fellow-boarder. They became friends and told each other their plans. They decided to inaugurate

a lecture course at Oneonta, and formed a partnership which was called H. E. Bundy & Company, launching the "Star Lecture Course." They started by selling the tickets at two dollars apiece, increasing their income by an extra fifty cents for reserved seats.

This course included lectures by famous speakers, such as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Josh Billings, Mary Livermore, Theodore Tilton, and all the platform stars of that golden era of rostrum g'ants. They also exploited the great sensational speaker of the times, the great John B. Gough, who was then paving the way for the great temperance movement of later days.

When Wendell Phillips was engaged to deliver his lecture in Oneonta, they advertised extensively and sold the entire house days ahead. On the night he was to appear, Mr. Fairchild received a message that Phillips had missed connections at Binghamton—sixty-two miles away—and could not reach Oneonta that night. Young Fairchild was equal to the emergency. He had printed the railroad time tables and knew the superintendent of the railroad, to whom he telegraphed. A special train brought Phillips to Oneonta, arriving at nine o'clock, and saving the day—or the night, more properly speaking.

As Mr. Phillips left at two o'clock in the morning, the memory of that evening spent with him, after the lecture, had much to do with the development of the philosophy of the young men. When they came to pay Mr. Phillips, he inquired:

"Boys, how much did that special train cost?"

"We have not found out," they replied modestly.

"Well, I want you to take \$50 off my fee to help pay for the train."

Mr. Phillips appreciated the enterprise and the pluck of the young men. Here began the development of the qualities of George W. Fairchild, as a leader in industry. He had the courage of conviction, and became interested in real estate. When he and his associates offered the land for a normal school at Oneonta as a gift, it was called a delusion. This daring real estate operation gave Mr. Fairchild his first nest egg in substantial profits.

Later he became interested in an automatic printing press, which was invented by David I. Eckerson, and became president of the Eckerson Printing Press Company. He made several trips to Europe to dispose of the foreign rights, finally making the sale for \$100,000. The money was deposited with Baring Brothers in London just before their failure. The money was lost, but this did not discourage him.

**H**E continued his work during his business ventures with the Oneonta *Herald*, and he has never had the inkstains off his fingers, or abandoned the printer's apron. One day there entered his office a young lady, Miss Josephine

Mills Sherman, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, living twelve miles from Oneonta, to buy copies of the paper containing an article about an inheritance she had received from her uncle, Joseph Mills of New York City, who had been a partner of D. O. Mills, one of the famous Forty-Niners.

The young printer had his apron on, but sold the papers containing the article written by himself, and, naturally, he was wondering whether she was pleased with it. That was the budding of a friendship that resulted in the marriage in New York in 1891. They enjoyed their honeymoon trip in Egypt and Syria, and in 1896 their son Sherman was born. He is maintaining the traditions of his forbears in the bigness of his character, vision, and resourcefulness.

After his marriage, the commercial horizon of George W. Fairchild widened to meet the measure of his ability. As he sat around the drum stove in the law office in Oneonta with his old friend, Harlow E. Bundy, laying out the lecture course, they were now together planning a great industrial undertaking. Harlow's brother Willard was an inventive genius, and invented the first practical time-recorder, which was manufactured under the corporate name of the Bundy Time Recorder Company. Harlow had become associated with him, but he desired an expansion, so he turned to his friend, George W. Fairchild.

Those were the days when people were not educated to the necessities of time recording and costs, but he made an initial investment of \$8,000 and became a director in the company. From that time on the vision of the future and what his machinery would mean in America's commercial destiny, coupled with the experiences of his trip abroad with printing machines, unfolded to him world possibilities of automatic recording machines.

With the aid of Mr. Charles R. Flint of New York City, Mr. Fairchild brought about the consolidation now bearing the name of The Computing-Tabulating Recording Company, of which he was at first president, now chairman of the Board of Directors. The field was surveyed and it was felt that the company's machines were necessary wherever goods are weighted, wherever people are employed, and cost records or accounts are recorded and tabulated. Today the sun does not shine in any part of the world where the operation of their machines are not witnessed. It is an enterprise registered over the Seven Seas, and is altogether a towering monument to the fame and genius of George W. Fairchild.

In his connections with financial interests in New York, Mr. Fairchild was associated with Mr. Frank W. Woolworth as vice-president of the Guardian Trust Company. When Mr. Woolworth came to him with plans of a new building on Broadway, Mr. Fairchild remarked:

"Mr. Woolworth, while you are about it, why not erect one of the finest and biggest structures in the world—one that will be a monument to you forever?"

The remark impressed Mr. Woolworth, and he at once sent for Mr. Cass Gilbert, the noted architect, and stopped work on the uncompleted plans, later deciding upon plans for the highest office structure tower in the world, now known as the famous Woolworth Building, one of the sights of New York.

WITH all his widely-varied and successful business enterprises, it is as a member of Congress that Mr. George W. Fairchild proved his supreme qualification of American citizenship. In 1905 he was elected member of the

24th District. Under the relentless spotlight of public service he stood the acid test. His unerring judgment was early recognized, for he was immediately assigned to one of the more important committees, the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and also the committee on Expenditures in the Post Office Department.

Re-elected by increasing majorities, each session witnessed promotion and new achievements, and his services on the Committee on Foreign Affairs gave full play to the breadth of his international experience. When he became a member of the Ways and Means Committee, the premier of the committees in the House, a recognition of the inherent business genius of George W. Fairchild was made by Congress. He said little, but did much, and with his power of analysis and clear business judgment, his ideas were sought by his colleagues when troublesome questions occurred.

As dean of the New York Republican delegation he was chosen chairman of the Republican delegation from New York and also a member of the Republican Congressional Committee. Elected vice-president of the International Peace Conference, he was sent by President Taft to the City of Mexico as special representative of the American Government, with the rank of Minister, together with the late Curtis Guild and James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany. Later he went to Honolulu to inspect the Hawaiian Islands. All these commissions were in recognition of his keen power of observation and sound judgment. There are few matters of congressional record during his terms in the House on which he was not posted, for information and judgment are words synonymous with the public service of George W. Fairchild.

He opposed Canadian reciprocity, and the opening of the Panama Canal free of tolls. The result of his legislative wisdom is shown in the recent records, proving that the Panama Canal is one of the most profitable investments Uncle Sam ever made, and a second canal is contemplated.

As an "after-dinner speaker" he has always been able to hit the nail on the head. His response at the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce in Honolulu some years ago, in honor of visiting Congressmen, is still quoted as a greeting classic, while his address on the farming industry in New York stamped him as an economic statesman, sounding the note of warning that America is heading today in increasing production and eliminating wasteful costs in marketing.

The results of his ripe experience and his ability was given unreservedly in the service of his country, pre-eminently recorded in Congressional deliberations. An ardent advocate of greater production of the soil as a vital need of the country in the back-to-the farm movement, he drove for results. In the tariff discussions he always took a prominent part, and knew the schedules and tabulations forward and backward in the multiplication table.

IT was in the test of the World War that this business man and student of world events rendered conspicuous service. There was a ringing note of eloquence in each of his addresses. After six successive terms in Congress, he felt that he ought to retire, but the letters that came to him from prominent business men and leaders all over the country made it seem imperative that he should continue service during the war times. The letter written by Mr. W. G. McAdoo, then Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of the Railroads, is a notable tribute

that transcends all partisan limitations in the estimate of George W. Fairchild's public service:

DIRECTOR GENERAL OF RAILROADS  
INTERSTATE COMMERCE BUILDING

Washington, D. C.  
April 2, 1918.

My dear Mr. Smith:

I have just received your letter of March 30th, in which you tell me that it is rumored that the Honorable George W. Fairchild, who represents the 24th New York District, contemplates retiring from Congress at the expiration of his present term because of the illness of his son.

I hope this is not true, as I think it would be a distinct loss to the public if a man of Mr. Fairchild's long experience in the House and genuine ability should retire from public life, at this time particularly, when the great problems arising out of the war require for their solution the best brains and intelligence of America, not only in but out of Congress.

Although Mr. Fairchild is a Republican, and represents a secure Republican District, nevertheless he has supported all war measures without regard to politics, putting public duty and patriotism above party considerations. This is not the time for politics, but is a time when every loyal and patriotic citizen should be kept on the job where he is doing his part well.

I hope that Congressman Fairchild may determine to remain in public life, and that his son may soon be wholly restored to health.

Sincerely yours,  
W. G. McAdoo.

Charles Smith, Esq.,  
President, Citizens National Bank,  
Oneonta, N. Y.

He exemplified the slogan of "serve, save, and sacrifice." His valetictory to his constituency made a profound impression:

To this great issue I stood ready to consecrate myself, officially, with all the energy and experience at my command. However intense my desire to serve you, it is physically impossible for me to undertake the rigors of another bitter and racking campaign.

I need not tell you that I speak as a loyal Republican, and what is equally important, as one who has lived and labored among you. You are my own people. To you I am bound by ineffable ties of gratitude and affection.

Although this is my political valetictory, it is at the same time and in a larger sense, the pledge of my personal re-dedication to the Great Cause to which we, as a nation, have committed ourselves. Though I shall be out of Congress, I shall not be out of action. Every resource of mine will be devoted to the prosecution of the struggle for freedom, which is the hope and salvation of the world.

In his farewell words as a Congressman, the character of George W. Fairchild proved him an American to the core, but in his business activities he has kept right on exemplifying the highest functions of citizenship in actually helping on constructive and needful legislation, never relaxing in his individual work and duties as a citizen to serve public interests—and the "30" or "last take" of his life is not yet in sight.

As a private citizen Mr. Fairchild applied himself with all his energy and resource to the problems and perils of peace. As he contemplates now his rapidly-expanding business, under the presidency and general management of Thomas J. Watson of the company which he organized, and its extension to all parts of the world, there is a concrete evidence that George W. Fairchild has impressed himself upon his day and generation as one whose ardent heart and hopes have been interwoven with the life and fortune of his country. Honors have come to him, but the one thing that he values most of all is the service he has rendered in public life. The printer boy, the newspaper editor, the business man, the Congressman and the statesman reveal in the life work of George W. Fairchild a career that is typical of the highest conception of American citizenship.



*A few pages of gossip about*

## Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things*

**F**IFTY-EIGHT years ago in July, Wendell Phillips of Boston uttered these prophetic words:

We have invented a telegraph, but what of that? I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire both ways at the same time. If you do not invent it, you are not so good as we are.

Forty years after that memorable utterance, the directive methods of wireless telegraphy were established, and in 1906 the wireless prevailed as a fact.

The words of Wendell Phillips come home to us when we realize that radio now engirdles the world. It travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. There are thirty thousand boys and girls with amateur sets "listening in" every night on the magic wireless. The time is not far distant when the voice of Wendell Phillips, if he were living, could be heard in far-off Bombay, or even at the Arctic Circle, from the rostrum in Faneuil Hall in Boston. No mountain, sea or plain can intercept the penetrating flash of radio. This will be known as the radio age—the word itself having been virtually coined since the voice of Wendell Phillips uttered this memorable prophecy.

This address was eloquently referred to by Hon. Robert G. Cousins, former member of Congress, in an address at Wichita, Kansas:

The speech delivered by Wendell Phillips was in Boston, when he was urging the pupils of the schools to do better than their fathers, that proud and persecuted puritan of Boston, the ripest scholar in history that Harvard College had known up to that time—the man who walked across the stage of life without looking either side to catch his image in the mirrors of the world—Wendell Phillips, the prophet of radio, visioned in that day a dream that has come true.

It was appropriate that these visions should have been revealed to boys and girls in school—the same sort of boys and girls who now are making radio a reality in thousands of homes, where they are "listening in" to the voices of the present and fulfilling the prophecy of the past.



### Southern Woman Author is Popular Executive Leader Among Pen Women Group

**P**ROMINENT in the work of the American Pen Women's League is Mrs. Bonnie Melbourne (Clarence M.) Busch of Miami, Florida. She has done much to encourage fellow-writers along their thorny path of securing publishers. Author of several novels, the latest of which, "His Mortgaged Wife," is to be picturized, she has won a goodly following of readers.

A gathering at her home at Miami indicated the scope of the work that Mrs. Busch is doing. Over one hundred people gathered in her spacious drawing room, while authors recited and

composers played and sung. In the glow of the large fireplace on a winter day in the land of sunshine, the occasion had the inspiration and cheer of a literary salon. The house is located on Palm Island; and in the witchery of the tropical moonlight and the shadows of the waving palms, poetry read by poets seemed more like poetry of "ye olden tyme" when minstrels sang their lays.

There was Mr. Carr, the cowboy poet, with his long bow tie, and when he let out a cowboy yell after one of his poems, it was a "thriller"—one that does not often occur even in the silent movies. With the graciousness of the hostess, who considerably looks after each writer as if he or she were the honored guest of the occasion,

Mrs. Busch has made the American Pen Women's League one of the most popular organizations in Florida.

Mrs. Busch was born in Washington, D. C., January 21, 1884, and as a little girl attended a private school which enjoyed a wide national reputation as one of the best, but finished her education abroad. She returned to this country shortly before her marriage to Mr. Busch.

Later she spoke at a meeting of the alumnus of the school and had the honor of paying her tribute to the mistress of that famous school, now past four score and seven, that had influenced the lives of so many American girls.

Her singing is one of the delights of friends,



MRS. BONNIE MELBOURNE BUSCH AND HER CHILDREN





Photo from Wide World Photos

**THE LATEST PICTURE OF THE EX-KAISER**, shown above, was presented by the former monarch to everyone present at the large dinner given in his castle at Doorn, April 21, in celebration of the completion of the schoolroom for the Princess Hermine's children. The photo shows Wilhelm seated in the garden of his Dutch retreat

and her kindly and gracious nature has made her a beloved executive leader among the pen women group. Her name has been prominently mentioned as President for the coming year, for she has been active in the work and is known to many of the members. They feel she will give the organization the inspiring leadership which is so much appreciated by authors and pen women in their struggles as well as in their triumphs.



#### Keeping the Railroads "Persona Grata" with the Public Is No Mean Task

**THESE** are the days when real tests are being made of the abilities of railroad executives. The handicaps against which they struggle are more or less well recognized by the general public, but the public mind has at last taken notice of causes for failure to give good service, as well as complaining of results attained.

To grapple with the particular perplexing railroad questions of New England, Mr. Gerrit Fort was brought from the West, after a successful career as Passenger Traffic Manager of the Union Pacific, Oregon Short Line and Oregon Washington R. R. & Navigation Company. But it was during the war, as Assistant Director of the United States Railway Administration, in charge of passenger traffic, that Gerrit Fort proved his training as a railroad man, thoroughly grounded in getting service with very little to get it.

"How to keep up service with decreasing revenues" was the question he was to solve as

Vice-President of the Boston & Maine. He was brought back to Boston to the scenes of earlier days, for in 1869 he was with the passenger department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. Although he was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he early felt the call to "go East," and married a Boston girl, Miss Edith Cleary.

Later he was made secretary of the Central Passenger Association of Chicago. Consequently, his experience is more or less transcontinental. An early advocate of meeting the competition of railway motor trucks, he demonstrated that there is always a way out if there is a way into a difficulty. He understood how the people feel who live out along the lines, and had a sympathetic understanding of the feelings of the men on the railroad.

Since his arrival in Boston, Gerrit Fort has thrown himself into his task with the intense fervor of one who loves the railroad business and regards his work as a public service. He attends public hearings, without being called, and works with the public, desirous of securing the adjustment of varying requirements of public service in harmony with trans-

portation welfare—which means the benefit of all. When railroads perk up, prosperity follows.

Gerrit Fort knows the essential value of simple details. During the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, he was looking after the exhibit of his road to see that every aspect of its advantages and service was presented in a proper light to the public.

As traffic manager of the Union Pacific at the time the "West Yellowstone" entrance was being developed, he studied the question of parks and playgrounds from a broad viewpoint, insisting that the first thing to do was to get people to travel—anywhere, somewhere—and then there was a chance for business for his road. The psychology of what makes the restless, nervous American want to travel was studied, and his aim is to make the first trip such a successful one that it will encourage another—journeys that soothe tired and jaded nerves and make travel an incident, and a trip a magic memory rather than an irksome task and wearisome adventure in the average life.



#### New Kind of Financing Organization Extends the Work of the Banks

**AT** the St. Louis Exposition I met an energetic young man who was in charge of an exhibit in the Graphic Arts Building. He demonstrated more than an exhibit of machines; he furnished an exposition of enthusiastic and energetic salesmanship that foreshadowed a future. He won the medals, but he also made the sales. He seemed to know about every-

thing that related to his work. Born on a farm, he knew farmers. Reared in a city as a young man, he knew people in the mass as individuals.

Later, in his office overlooking Central Park, I found this young man—H. B. MacAlpine, now President of the General Discount Corporation. After talking over the Exposition days, when we had real "hot dog" sandwiches of real dog meat at the Philippine Village, I asked him the usual question: "Is this a banking business you are doing?"

He replied: "Banks are unable to take care of the great demand for accommodations for those purchasing automobiles, musical instruments, furniture and household appliances on the time payment plan, as the payments must run in many cases for ten or twelve months. This is in order to take care of those who wish to liquidate their indebtedness through small monthly payments. As this paper is for a period longer than four months, it is not re-discountable through the Federal Reserve and therefore not desired by banks."

After another friendly puff on his cigar, he continued: "To satisfy this demand a number of financial institutions have been organized which specialize in handling collateral loan paper running over a period of six to twelve months, enabling those in moderate circumstances to purchase necessary household articles and such other chattels as automobiles and musical instruments. This business does not compete with the banks, but supplements their accommodation. The financing company, having proper credit relations with its banks, can re-discount such part of the loans as comes within the four months' period, and thus work in complete co-operation with the banks."

"It seems to be a business to meet new needs," I ventured.

"The business requiring small monthly payments has now developed to such an extent that



H. B. MACALPINE

President of the General Discount Corporation of New York

it is estimated that seventy-five per cent of all automobiles, talking machines and other musical instruments and furniture are sold on the time-payment plan. Since commencing this business in New York, the demand for accommodation has always been very large and has kept every dollar of our capital invested."

Now I began to understand why so many people today enjoy things that only the few enjoyed before. "Is it hazardous, and do the people go through?" I interrogated.

"Through proper insurance connections, our company insures against fire and theft all property being purchased on deferred payment notes. We find that the public is eager to avail itself of this accommodation and to pay sufficient service charges to permit our company to show a good profit on each transaction. Under this plan, the company is also protected by mortgages covering the property. Considering the possibilities for profit in this field and the many companies now on a substantial dividend-paying basis, who are operating successfully in it, it is my opinion that securities in well-managed financing companies will soon be regarded by the American public with the same favor as bank stocks."

This is one time when on an editorial quest I obtained definite information about the activities of an old friend, the same MacAlpine, engrossed in his work and thorough in every detail.

"These are wonderful times in which to live—the good things of life are being generally distributed and sold to the people, while millionaires just keep on being millionaires, with very little more to get out of life than we plain folks."

Then we took a walk in Central Park and talked over farm crops and the dear old days in the West.



#### Spreads the Enduring Gospel of Friendship Along with the Ideas of Rotary

SOME men are living epistles, personalizing the doctrines they preach. This is the secret of the contagious, carrying power of their ideas. Such a man is Rotarian Joseph A. Turner. Wherever he goes, and whatever he does, he



Creek in Pueblo Canyon, Sierra Ancha, Arizona



Photo by H. T. Cowling

**T**HIS is not a puzzle picture—merely the effect of distance upon the lens of the camera. It is a sheer drop of two thousand feet from the flowers in the foreground to the mirror-like surface of the lake—one of the beauty spots of the Glacier National Park, where Nature seems to delight in splendor of rugged grandeur

exemplifies the ideals of Rotary which he so ably and lovingly serves. As chairman of the Rotary International Committee on Rotary Education the past year, he made his message a world-wide call for fellowship.

In his numerous addresses at Rotary meetings he has always emphasized the "heart appeal" as the essential of the happy and useful life. He did his creative work in Rotary as Governor of the old Seventh in interpreting the meaning of Rotary in its ideal dimensions and in spreading the gospel of friendship in the rapidly growing ranks of the association. At the International Convention of Rotarians at Los Angeles in June, 1922, he delivered an address on "Friendship" that has become the heart challenge of the year for Rotary. The echoes of his stirring summons to brotherly love and confidence and the joys of comradeship roll from soul to soul, refreshing and encouraging the multitude who have felt the spell of his vision of a richer life.

Behind this friendly man whom thousands of Rotarians all over the land hail as "Joe Turner" lies an interesting career and a big piece of work. His first classification is Business Manager of Hollins College, Virginia. He undertook this work in 1898 at the call of his grandfather, Charles L. Cocke, founder of the College and finisher of the faith that the institution is to stand for "higher education." The young business manager put all his enthusiastic heart and mind into helping to carry out the ideals of the founder. And the work has grown and increased many fold in the department he has administered. His ability and spirit and compelling personality thrill through every part of campus life of the college. The keynote of his power to bring things to pass is his faith in people—all kinds of people. The book of his dealings with faculty, students, and employees—black and white—would make rare reading. He truly believes in the power of human nature to accomplish what the will asserts and the heart vitalizes. The sign that he believes in people is that he trusts them; and people respond to this trust.

His managership at Hollins College has been the center from which the business manager's interests have run out into many social movements of the greater community. Next to his execution of the multitudinous affairs of the campus comes the development, years ago, of a dairy farm on a part of the seven-hundred-acre estate of Hollins. This dairy farm is the home of the famous Hollins herd of purebred Holsteins, one of the prize herds of Virginia. He works and speaks incessantly for good roads and more adequate appropriations for state education. He lives up to the canon of the democratic ideal that affirms, what enlightened self-interest urges us to demand for ourselves we must seek to make possible for every member of society. He has more than once been called into politics, but he has never answered the call.

Joe Turner's career grows quite naturally out of his college experience at the University of Virginia. Here he took the stereotyped "tickets." But the work of the class-room did not call forth his full energy. Lectures and reading at the University did not stir his imagination to put forth any great effort. Though he has true love for intellectual pursuits, he never finished the college work at the University. The order of his interests appears to be—people, first; studies, second; business, third. He is social and ideal, finally practical. The University of Virginia educated his social nature. Here he was a leader in many forms of campus life, became practiced in the fine art of managing men, and entered into the joys of play and friendship. Out of his social imagination touched with humor and reaching back into his college days, comes that rich pack of incomparable stories, from which he brings forth a story to fit any situation and charm any company. It was less the class-room than the campus of the University of Virginia that equipped Joe Turner for successful and happy service in all the circles to which he devotes himself.

He insists that he has had more genuine joy out of Rotary experience than anything else, and



this is because he has given so freely to Rotary, recognizing the opportunities of service for others—the most wonderful thing in life—as something that extends far beyond the boundaries of Rotary. He is dominantly social and ideal. Would that society had more Joe Turners!



### Well-Known Lecturer Becomes Head of the School of Expression

**T**HERE are some men who are so busy doing things that it is difficult to point out any one paramount achievement. First of all, John Kennedy Lacock is a friend—and that covers much in any biographical sketch.

In his song lectures during the war, John Lacock attracted nation-wide attention and the keen interest of the boys in khaki. He was one speaker who started the country singing, for his illustrated lecture on patriotic songs is pronounced one of the most novel methods of keeping the old-melody fires extant. Pictures of the old songs, with the words at the bottom, are thrown upon the screen and they just seem to sing themselves with the eye, as well as the voice—everyone joins in.

Then he has lectures on Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Lee, which are illustrated by over one hundred stereopticon slides on each subject. These lectures have been especially popular in schools, colleges, and clubs. There is something in his lectures that seem to bring these great characters of history closer to the audience than the mere spoken word or eulogistic phrase. The child and elder in the audience seem to come closer together in their kindred comprehension of these illustrious characters in history.

For many years John Lacock has been a guide, philosopher and friend to many a visitor in

Boston, for he prepared a guide and hand book that has relieved many a tourist of that strange feeling that overcomes them when they arrive in Boston and try to find their way among the winding thoroughfares, where the calves were wont to trot in Beacon Hill pastures of old. He maintains there are in many places historical landmarks and points of interest, but he goes one step further and tells you how to see them.

As a trustee of the School of Expression, one of the most unique and well-known educational institutions in New England and the country, he was a close friend, helper and confidant of the founder, the late Dr. S. S. Curry. He has been closely connected with the development of the school for the last six years. The graduates and students of the Curry School of Expression have exerted, perhaps, a wider influence upon the cultural development of the country than a similar number of graduates from any other institution in the country.

While John Lacock was born in Amity, Pennsylvania, and knows what it is to live on a "hilly farm" and scrape for a living, run the plow up-hill as well as down-hill, and what it was to do the chores before dawn and after dark, he is an old resident of Boston and knows the maddening throng of the metropolis.

Graduating from the famous Washington and Jefferson College at Washington, Pennsylvania, the oldest educational institution west of the Allegheny Mountains, he completed a post-graduate course at Harvard and then took out his "naturalization" papers as a real citizen of the Hub. His home in Cambridge is nigh unto the classic scenes of Harvard, and he is getting about as much out of life as the average bachelor in his prime.

John Lacock has conducted five exploring parties across the Allegheny Mountains with a view of re-locating and preserving the posterity of our two great military roads, namely, the Old Braddock Road, put across the mountains by Generals Washington and Braddock in 1755, which followed the old Nemacolin Indian Trail, and the Old Forbes Road, built by General Forbes and Colonel Bouquet in 1758. These highways, with the old Boone or Wilderness Trail, were the only highways that pierced the mountain wall of the Allegheny Mountains until the United States Government in 1806 built its first and only road, known as the old Cumberland or National Road, or the "Old Pike," which began at Cumberland, Maryland, and was completed by the United States Government to Springfield, Ohio, and was partly completed to Vandalia, Illinois.

Since early youth John Lacock has kept right on building all kinds of roads leading to opportunities for the younger people who followed in quest of an education and getting on with the world.

The recent election of John Lacock as President of the Curry School of Expression is most gratifying to the trustees and alumni of the school. For several years he was a close and intimate friend of Dr. Curry, helping him very much in the work. He is an enthusiast and has never let an opportunity go by, even when merely serving as a trustee, to give of his time, energy and talents to the school. Under his administration, the Curry School is pushing on to the full measure of its great possibilities as visioned by the revered and sainted Dr. Curry.

### Explosives Have Their Use in Peace as Well as War

**T**HIS might be called an explosive age. The war was a battle of explosives. Political life today seems to be one barrage after another. There is a practical use of explosives which has



**JOHN KENNEDY LACOCK**  
Recently elected President of the Boston School of Expression

much to do with the industrial and agricultural developments of the country. In fact, there is a magazine now called *The Explosives Engineer* that is doing much to indicate the wide and general use of explosives, opening up new production areas in industry and agriculture.

The chief explosives chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines is Dr. Charles Edward Munroe. He was born in Cambridge and graduated from Harvard University in 1871. From the day he was employed by the Laflin & Rand Company to translate from the French an article on nitroglycerin, by Sobrero, Dr. Munroe has spent several decades in the study and scope of explosives.

As professor of chemistry at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and chemist at the United States Naval Torpedo Station and War College, he has discussed the subject in a most exhaustive and practical manner. He has lived in the epochal era of the greatest explosive and chemical development in the history of the world.

In addition to his work as head professor of chemistry and dean of the Corcoran Scientific School from 1892 to 1898, and dean of the Faculty of Graduate Studies of George Washington University, Dr. Munroe has been actively engaged in consulting work all over the world. For many years he was retained as a consulting expert by the Aetna Powder Company. He was appointed by Presidents Harrison, Cleveland, and McKinley on the United States Assay Commission to determine if our gold and silver coins conformed to the legal requirements. When war was declared, in 1898, he developed, on Analostan Island, a volunteer torpedo corps.

The Swedish Academy of Sciences in 1900



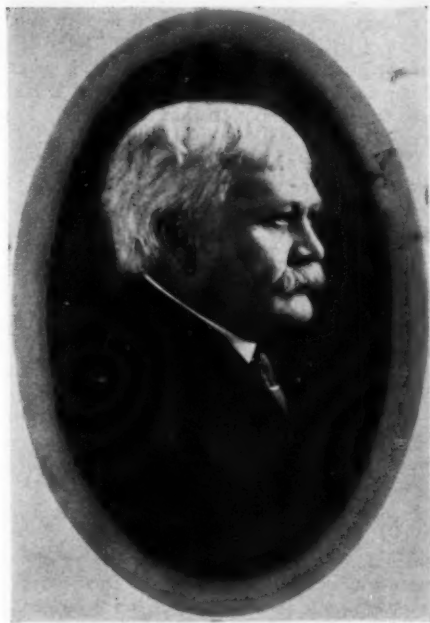
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**JOSEPH A. TURNER**  
Chairman of the Rotary International Committee on Rotary Education



appointed Dr. Munroe to nominate the candidate for the Nobel Prize in chemistry. Since 1918 he has been chairman of the Committee on Explosives Investigations of the National Research Council, in addition to retaining his position as chief explosives chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines.

While honors have been bestowed upon him by foreign governments and scientific societies thick and fast, he insists that he has only begun to know a thing about explosives. Turkey made him a commandant of the order of Medjidieh; he is a Fellow of the Chemical Society of London and the Society of Chemical Industries of England and listed as one of the eminent presidents of the American Chemical Society. In a snug corner at the Cosmos Club of Washington, or in the Washington Academy of Sciences and Boston City Club, Dr. Munroe is always sought for the last word on explosives.



**CHARLES E. MUNROE**

Chief Explosives Chemist, United States Bureau of Mines

Whether it be an improved blasting machine, problems in the scientific quarrying, blasting, or causes of premature explosions in the anthracite fields, Dr. Munroe is called upon as the expert. In these days when new discoveries in Egypt are pointing the way to the very source of history, the use of explosives seems to divide the placid past from the shining present. Few are willing to prophecy as to what extent the practical use of explosives may be used in pushing forward excavations of the buried cities where the treasure trove of the ancients may reveal new pathways to progress.



**"America First!" is the Slogan of All True American Music Lovers**

THE increasing interest that is being shown in American music and musicians makes it a pleasing task to record anything which seems to point to the culmination of the long-delayed and hoped-for time when the American musician will really come into his own.

There are enthusiasts who have devoted half

a lifetime to helping to bring about the recognition of American supremacy in the music world. Eleanor Everest Freer is one of the pioneers in this cause, and we all know of the wonderful work of the late David Bispham during his lifetime, and also of the endowment he left with which to carry on the movement.

Glenn Dillard Gunn in a recent address said that the great fault with the present plan of music is that, especially in opera, there is entirely too much importation and not enough interest in the art of the native born. We have all kinds of fine vocal literature written by our own American composers right here in the land of "skyscrapers and cafeterias," and we also have over eighty operas which are worthy of production. As for individual soloists, we certainly need not suffer in comparison with any other country on the globe.

Arthur Middleton, the great bass-baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has just completed a joint concert tour with the eminent tenor, Paul Althouse, through the Antipodes, and this tour was from the first note of the first concert to the last note of the last concert a veritable triumph.

During this tour they gave forty-two concerts: ten in Sydney, five in Melbourne, five in Adelaide, eight in Ballarat, one in Geelong, three in Hobart, Tasmania, three in Launceston, three in Auckland, New Zealand, and four in Honolulu. According to Mr. Middleton the loyalty of the English and Australian audiences was remarkable.

Imagine giving ten concerts in an American city the size of Sydney, where they could have stayed twice as long, but were compelled to move on because of other bookings. There, if they like the artist, the same audience will come night after night and request the same songs. Mr. Middleton says: "While we gave four or five different programs, which is absolutely necessary in America, these audiences would have been just as well satisfied to hear us sing the same program every night, and there were some numbers we simply had to repeat at every concert. They came back to hear these and demanded them. Can you imagine this in America?"

No great artist today uses more American-made songs than Arthur Middleton. He is a "blown-in-the-bottle" American, born in the state of Iowa of pure American stock. An ancestor of the same name was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He has had all his schooling in America, and has fought an up-hill fight to the pinnacle of eminence which he now enjoys.

"The future of American music looks more promising today than ever before," said Mr. Middleton in our discussion of this subject a few days ago. "But," he continued, "the American public must be aroused in some way to the value of our native composers and artists. This snobbish preference for foreign names must be broken down. I am not condemning the foreign artist who is good—but those who are not. I hate to see the stamp of approval put on everything from

voices to safety razors. I would enjoy singing a good song written by you, even though your name is Clay Smith, just as much as I would by someone whose cognomen finished with 'i' or 'ski'."



**CLAY SMITH** (left), noted composer and musician, and **Arthur Middleton** (right), great bass-baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company

As for music as a career, Mr. Middleton answers that question by simply stating that both of his children are right now in American schools studying for that very thing.

—CLAY SMITH.



**MacMillan has Sailed Again to Spend a Winter in the Arctic**

THERE is a graphic, earnest vividness in Donald B. MacMillan's description of the Northland that makes the listeners to his lectures feel almost as if they had been there in person. The popular interest in the North Pole country is increasing. During the winter months in steam-heated lecture rooms, MacMillan relates his experiences in the far-off Arctics as colloquially as if describing a summer excursion, and his pictures, moving and still, carry the beholder far afield to Polar circles.

When he returned from Baffin Land, the intrepid explorer was given a hearty welcome by Governor Baxter of Maine, his old classmate. Then the people clamored for him to tell his story. Recognized as one of the foremost living, intrepid explorers of the Arctic, MacMillan with his little party on the *Bowdoin*, the ship named after the Maine College which he attended, has added much to the public knowledge of the geography of the Northland. He discovered fifty new species of birds and brought back a botanical collection of sixty flowering Arctic plants found on three newly-discovered islands. He saw large herds of walrus, much larger than it was supposed still existed in the North, and spent two hundred and seventy-four days in the relentless ice grip of the frozen North.

MacMillan's lectures have added an important chapter to the story of Arctic explorations, for he has proven that the magnetic pole is not a mathematical point, like the geographical pole. Their wireless installation enabled them to receive the time signals from Washington more accurately than any chronometer could record, and he believes that radio has a practical, as well as a theoretical value in helping his further

explorations—this year sailing in July to get an early start.

Every man in the *Bowdoin* party returned in perfect health. They all lost a few pounds, except MacMillan, who added a few pounds in



**BRONZE MEMORIAL TO THE ELKS who fell in the World War, erected at Whitcomb's Summit on the Mohawk Trail**

weight. A bath once a month was insisted upon, although they were not bothered with dust and dirt. They perspire in fur clothing, and would freeze if they did not. He tells of one little girl who in the eight years of her life had never had a drop of water touch her, yet was as clean as a whistle. The Eskimos use tobacco, but do not know of liquor. Captain MacMillan is convinced that it is not possible to circumnavigate Baffin Island, and that Fury and Hecla Straits cannot be forced. The geography of that country has been wrong for years past, and the maps of Fox Land and Baffin Land are incorrect.

Among thrilling incidents of the trip was the discovery of the old homes and hunting implements of an extinct race of people at Tunit Island. They might have been Norsemen from Greenland. The Eskimo tradition was that they came to the western shores of Baffin Land in the eleventh century, caused a good deal of trouble, and finally entirely disappeared.

The hardships of a lecture tour are even more trying to the dauntless explorer than the rigors of the Arctic climate, but Captain MacMillan will always be a welcome fireside comforter in winter time.

MacMillan's father was a fisherman, who sailed every year to the Arctic for halibut. As a boy, young Donald used to have specimens of the toys used by the Eskimo kiddies, miniature kyaks, igloos, harpoons, and the like. Consequently, his interest in the Arctic was inspired early in life.

When young MacMillan had been teaching for almost a year in Worcester Academy, Massachusetts, after attending Bowdoin College, he signed up a contract for another year to teach. After rescuing ten people from drowning in a sail boat, single-handed, off an island in Casco Bay, where he was conducting a Nautical School, he was suggested to Admiral Peary as a man adapted for Arctic exploration. The day after signing his contract with Bowdoin College, he received a message from Peary to join him on his trip. This was the great tragedy of his life. He could not break his contract, although it was the great disappointment of his life.

The next summons to the North came from Peary in New York, and he left immediately. The dream of his boyhood was to be realized. Admiral Peary told him to go back home and think it over for three weeks and then wire his decision. The intrepid young MacMillan promptly replied, "I want to sign up right now." This was the eventful voyage on which Peary reached the Pole.

Captain MacMillan is carrying on the great work to which Admiral Peary devoted his life, and maintaining a high standard of achievement for present day American explorers. He is, first of all, a teacher, an explorer and a scientist. He has arranged to broadcast a wireless message every week, to be relayed to 30,000 radio amateurs in the United States. He will be talking as "M. N. P.—MacMillan North Pole"—a rather unique address.

On the evening of July 6th, a private radio operator in Boston located the *Bowdoin* off Greenly Island at the entrance of Belle Isle, between Labrador and Newfoundland, and talked with MacMillan almost as one would talk with a neighbor in the next street over the telephone. So commonplace has this latest addition to the wonders of the century become that no amazement is aroused by this accomplishment that will enable the explorer, when hundreds of miles further into the North Pole wilderness, to keep in touch with civilization by the medium of the human voice.



#### Memorial to the Members of the Order of Elks Who Fell in the World War

ON a beautiful Sunday afternoon, the 17th of June, the one-hundred-and-forty-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, a fine bronze memorial costing upwards of \$6,000 was dedicated by Hon. John P. Brennan, President of the State Association of Elks, at Whitcomb's Summit on the Mohawk Trail. The stately figure of the Elk occupies one of the highest elevations of the state, and is placed there to commemorate the valor of Massachusetts Elks who served in the World War. The inscription reads as follows:

THE ELK ON THE TRAIL  
In Memory of the Brothers of the  
Massachusetts Elks' Association  
Who died in the World War  
Erected by the Association  
17 June, 1923

Every one of the fifty-two lodges of Elks in the State of Massachusetts contributed their proportion of the cost. The idea originated with the Greenfield Lodge of Elks, who appropriated \$500.

The speakers at the dedication were Governor Channing H. Cox, himself an Elk, U. S. Senator David I. Walsh, and John P. Brennan.

On the stately location of Whitcomb's Summit this Elk in bronze will stand with head erect, a lasting memorial to the valor and heroism of the Elks who paid the supreme sacrifice in the World War and have answered the final roll call.



#### Building Up a Banking Business on Confidence and Good Will

HAMLET" without somebody in the cast of characters answering to the name is hardly worth while. Also a banquet given in honor of an individual wherein the guest of honor cannot attend—reason, modesty coupled with a doubt that he should be served such honor—is hardly possible. Such an extraordinary course of events did happen in New York City not so long ago. Secondly, of more than passing interest, if not unprecedented, it was to be an occasion when the depositors of a bank were to give a dinner to their president. It is recorded that depositors usually pass the dinner check on to their banker. The name of the man who couldn't see why he should be banqueted is Henry H. Bizallion, and the bank is the Gotham National. The dinner tickets were recalled, and it has not yet been held.

A very long line of desks greet the eye of the visitor in the Gotham National Bank where the officers are to be found, and were it not for the names on these desks you would never know which one was that of the President. Not that I want to give the impression that the president is a hard person to see, for Henry Bizallion is the easiest man in the bank to see. Reticent about matters concerning himself, yes—about his work, no.

As one looks across Central Park from Fifth Avenue and towards Columbus Circle, there stands a towering building in the center of the greatest automobile selling district in the world, majestic and like a sentinel on guard—the Gotham National Bank Building. Only a year or so ago I saw the ground being broken for this structure, and a great edifice mushroom up twenty-four stories and higher. Other buildings which I saw start about the same time were still at their foundations when this one was nearing completion. At that time materials and labor were both expensive and hard to get. I inquired the reason for such results, and the answer came that one of the vice-presidents of the bank, Clarence S. Weller, had been charged with the responsibility of building a new "home." A banking institution went into the building industry, supervised everything from cellar to flagpole. Hence, a building in record time.

Obviously, in the instance of a man, the directing head of an institution who expresses himself almost entirely through his associates, the best way to interview the president is via the associates. So this I did, beginning with the office boys. I was able to find that the office boys, ranging from sixteen to sixty, knew quite a little about their boss and what he was doing.

Henry Bizallion comes from a little town in Vermont which has a population of from fifty to seventy-five during the winter, and about three hundred during the summer. When he came from Vermont to New York City, he did not immediately enter the banking business, but like George S. Ward, he chose the baking business. The only difference being that Henry Bizallion

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# Giving Battle to a Billion-Dollar Bandit

*National resources of scientific brains and ability mobilized and organized under the leadership of Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison for a finish fight on the Mexican cotton boll weevil*

By JAMES A. METCALF

WHEN the great National Cotton Conference, recently held in Atlanta, Georgia, unanimously selected Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison, noted scientist and inventor, to direct the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control, a widely-read Southern newspaper "colymist" made the following suggestion:

"Provide every boll weevil in a cotton field with an Acusticon. Then at a given signal turn loose a simultaneous blast from a collection of Klaxons, and scare every bug to death."

This suggestion, which is perhaps no more chimerical than many others which have been put forward from time to time in a desperate desire to destroy one of the worst pests in human history, was in effect a tribute to Dr. Hutchison and his customary "direct action" methods, through mention of these two aural devices which are among his many outstanding inventions.

It is pertinent to inquire: "Why was Dr. Hutchison in particular selected for the management of a five-year campaign whose sole object is to discover generally-applicable methods for eradicating the Mexican cotton boll weevil, or of controlling its widespread ravages, which are costing the United States about a billion dollars every year?"

The answer is: Because this man, so distinguished in the field of science, discovery and invention, possesses a rare diversity of talent; is a great organizer and executive; commands confidence everywhere, and knows not the meaning of the word "failure."

The problem now approached, under such able leadership and with a strong coalition of forces never before made possible, is one that is of the greatest national importance and of world-wide concern. A brief historical setting will be of interest.

## INHERITED FROM THE MEXICANS

The long-billed beetle which punctures the tender cotton boll and thus destructively provides a home for its larvae, is apparently indigenous to the North American continent, not being found elsewhere in the world. So far as is known, Central America was its original habitat, and there, some three hundred years ago, it completely destroyed the cotton. Later it made its appearance in Mexico. In 1892 the weevil crossed the Rio Grande River and made its original attack in the United States upon the cotton grown in a bordering fringe of Texas counties.

Here it was immediately recognized as a dangerous visitor, but unfortunately means were not then adopted to repel it, even in a state whose famous Rangers keep close watch upon everything which comes from Mexico. The writer understands that the Texas Legislature was appealed to, but its members failed to recognize the real danger of this invasion, and refused to make an appropriation at that time to oppose it.

Since that time the boll weevil's devastating advance has been steady and implacable, in spite of heroic efforts of a more or less local character put forth to eradicate it. It is an exceedingly prolific pest. It is authoritatively stated that a single adult pair may be responsible for the propagation of more than twelve million of the species in a single season. It is also migratory in its instincts and habits.

Today the pest has practically conquered 97 per cent of the area normally devoted largely to cotton growing in the fourteen cotton states, a territory better fitted by climatic and soil conditions for the production of this great staple than any other known section of the world. The rapidity of its advance is shown by the fact that 66,662 square miles were added in 1921 to the area infested by the weevil.

## "THE BILLION-DOLLAR BANDIT"

Cotton has, of course, not disappeared from this infested area. It is even contended that it is now possible, by resort to certain known methods of control—mostly by the use of calcium arsenate—to produce a "100 per cent crop" in spite of Mr. Boll Weevil. However, such successes, no matter how encouraging in themselves, are very scattered, and are doubtless very largely affected by local conditions. They offer no reasonable basis for hopefulness as to the general situation in the Cotton Belt. It is beyond question that thousands of cotton farmers have been practically impoverished, and that the boll weevil problem as a whole is no nearer a practical, permanent solution than it was ten or even twenty years ago.

Reliable figures are not wanting as to the actual losses which have resulted, not only to the South, but to the nation as a whole. Dr. W. D. Hunter, entomologist in charge of Southern field crop insect investigations of the United States Department of Agriculture, in his address before the Atlanta Conference, said that "estimates of these losses run from about one-third of a million bales in 1911, the lowest year, to over six million bales in 1921, losses for 1922 having not yet been estimated."

Remembering that the normal weight of a bale of cotton is five hundred pounds, it will be admitted that the boll weevil is not improperly called "the billion-dollar bandit." Nor will it be denied that the problem is of such general serious character as to justify the concentration of all possible national resources of time, energy, ability, knowledge and money upon its solution.

## THE WHOLE NATION VITALLY CONCERNED

Every business interest in the United States, whether directly concerned in cotton production or merchandising, or not, must necessarily be very much concerned over the success of the

National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control. It is believed that no reasonable support of the campaign will be withheld in any section of the country.

The serious mistake has long been made of looking upon the boll weevil problem as a sectional one, which is far from being the case. Now it is appreciated in its true national and world-wide aspects.

Cotton is a staple ranking alongside wheat, corn, sugar and potatoes. The United States for many years enjoyed a practical monopoly of its production. Up to very recent years cotton exports supplied one of the most important factors in maintaining a favorable trade balance for the United States. With the return of normal trade conditions, cotton will continue to provide a stabilizing factor in American commerce with foreign countries, provided effective control of the boll weevil conserves the crop from year to year.

In passing, it might be added that the days of indiscriminate, unscientific marketing of cotton have gone forever.

## PANIC RESULTS IN COTTON INDUSTRY

It is clearly recognized that, at this time, the world supply of cotton is actually imperilled.

According to Harry A. Mount, in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, there is "a world panic in the industry using cotton as a raw material, for the South not only supplies all of the cotton needs of this country, but half of all the cotton used by the rest of the world."

There has been much discussion over one possible phase of the situation, namely, that the United States is likely to lose its virtual cotton monopoly, to its vast economic detriment. The writer quoted in the preceding paragraph says further that "a great association of English cotton mills is making desperate efforts and spending thousands of pounds in an effort to find another region from which they may draw a supply if the South should give up this important crop."

"If the South should give up this important crop"—is there any danger of that coming to pass?

## A PROCESS OF CHANGE IS AT WORK

The general attitude is to ridicule the idea of the South ever getting away from the growing of cotton to any large extent, if at all, and to disparage the possibility of any other country ever becoming a serious competitor of the United States in this line of agriculture. The latter suggestion is usually dismissed as "bullish propaganda." It is pointed out that all such efforts to develop a new large cotton-producing source, such as Mr. Mount refers to, have ended in failure; that there will continue to be a considerable supply of the staple coming from India, Egypt, South Africa, Brazil and Australia, probably increasing from year to year, but that none of those regions can really compete with the



Southern United States, or will ever become the source of abundant cheap cotton.

On the other hand, there are those who consider this phase of the situation as well worthy of consideration. They say that the South will never voluntarily depart from cotton culture, to be sure, but it is a fact beyond question, they say, that production of cotton is rapidly approaching toward the vanishing point in the United States. Unless means are discovered whereby the boll weevil can be controlled, they argue, and unless the Southern farmer can be shown how he can grow cotton from year to year with reasonable certainty of a good crop, and a fair profit on that crop, he will gradually be weaned away from the staple to the certainly profitable diversification of crops.

It is certainly a fact that in the South today you hear as much discussion of "diversification" as you do of methods for controlling the boll weevil. It has assumed the proportions of propaganda, and it proceeds with greater success because of the deep conviction of the cotton planter that he has not received a square deal in distribution and marketing, but that his traditional "money crop" has been made the football of the game of speculation.

It may be said that certainly no immediate or radical agricultural transformation will occur in the South. But there unquestionably is a change in progress. No man can tell how far this transition will proceed in the course of a generation or two. Much will depend upon the measure of success attained in controlling the boll weevil.

#### NATIONAL CAMPAIGN IS LAUNCHED

A movement was started last fall looking to the launching of a great national campaign of destruction against the Mexican cotton boll weevil. It was recognized that the Federal government, the various State agricultural departments, the many splendid agricultural schools scattered through the South, the numerous farm extension forces, and many private investigators, have been doing yeoman service in the field of investigation and demonstration. But it was also recognized that these many efforts have lacked co-ordination, and have perhaps fallen short of real success for that reason more than any other.

The National Cotton Conference for Boll Weevil Control was called to meet in Atlanta on February 20th and 21st. The result was one of the most representative gatherings ever assembled in the South. Wide-awake men were there from twenty states. Every branch of the great cotton industry, from dirt farmer to manufacturer, had its representation and voice. It was a general council of war, during which all phases of the problem were discussed.

With a unanimous voice, the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control, Inc., was launched with a vigorous impetus, and, by absolutely unanimous vote, Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison was made its president and managing director.

#### OPERATES AS A CORPORATION

In order to emphasize the operative dissociation of this movement from all other existing organizations, and also to avoid any possible friction or jealousy between other agencies whose individual co-operation will be sought and welcomed, this national campaign was incorporated under the laws of Tennessee, with what may be termed an eleemosynary or public service charter. It is, of course, a non-profit-making corporation, and it is well to emphasize right here that Dr. Hutchison gives his thought, time and

energy to this campaign for at least five years without financial compensation of any sort.

The original incorporators are Mr. C. P. J. Mooney, managing editor of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, and a member of the Federal Reserve Board of the St. Louis District; Mr. F. H. Crump of Dabney Crump & Co., internationally known as cotton buyers; Mr. Harry Ramsey, president Stewart, Gwynne & Co., a well-known Memphis cotton commission firm; Mr. Frank Bragg, a prominent Memphis banker; and Mr. John D. Martin of Memphis, a widely-known attorney, who is also president of the Southern Baseball League and a member of the committee of seven which controls minor league baseball.

Since organization the directorate has been expanded to include the following: Mr. George M. Shutt, president of the New York Cotton Exchange; Mr. S. J. Cassells of Montgomery, Ala., vice-president of the Interstate Cotton Seed Crushers Association; Dr. W. W. Long, director of Extension Work of Clemson College, South Carolina; Mr. W. P. Conyers, a large planter and manufacturer of Greenville, South Carolina; Mr. F. J. Merriam of Atlanta, president and publisher of the *Southern Ruralist*, one of the South's most influential agricultural papers; Mr. Emmett A. Jones, farm and ranch loans, Wichita Falls, Texas, and New York City; Mr. McLane Tilton, Charlottesville, Va., former Southern states credit man, Chemical National Bank of New York, now secretary-treasurer of the University of Virginia Alumni Association; Mr. Bradley Stoughton, New York, internationally famous metallurgical engineer; Mr. Floyd Swift of the Union Planters' Bank & Trust Company, Memphis; Mr. Luther Burbank, California's famous plant wizard, and Mr. Frank J. Gilliland, prominent Memphis attorney.

Additional directors will be named, at least up to the number of fifty, including one outstanding figure actively connected with the cotton industry in some way in each of the fourteen cotton-growing states. These latter directors will also serve as chairmen of strong state organizations, co-ordinating them directly with the national organization.

In a rather remarkable letter, written to Dr. Hutchison and read at the Atlanta Conference, President Warren G. Harding not only expressed his strong personal interest in the movement, but also pledged the resources of the United States government to the campaign. Like pledges have been received from practically all interested sources. The Southern states will further be linked in effort and co-operation by an association of their several chief executives, headed by Governor Thomas W. Hardwick of Georgia.

#### THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

In order to give a fairly comprehensive idea of the bigness and importance of the work undertaken, this comment has necessarily strayed from its main purpose, namely, to present a hurriedly-drawn word picture of the commander-in-chief of the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control, upon whom so much now depends.

Dr. Miller Reese Hutchison is, first of all, a Southerner by birth and education. This fact, coupled with his northern and eastern business connections, and his worldwide record of accomplishment, makes him trebly strong in his position of organizer and leader. He was born at Montrose, Alabama, a suburb and summer resort of Mobile, on August 6, 1876. After preliminary education in various schools, and the serving of an apprenticeship in foundry, pattern, and machine shops, he completed his training with a

special course in electrical and mechanical engineering at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, finishing there in 1897. This was also followed by a course in anatomical dissection at the Alabama Medical College.

When only eleven years old, Dr. Hutchison selected his profession, and thereafter made everything work to that end. His boyhood ambition was to follow in the footsteps of Thomas A. Edison, and some day to become chief engineer of the Edison Laboratories, a desire gratified in 1912, twenty-four years after its inception.

#### IN THE FIELD OF INVENTION

Aural investigations have always attracted Dr. Hutchison, and out of them have come some of his most notable inventions, such as the Acusticon and the Dictograph. These were near completion in 1895, but the Spanish-American War came on, and the inventor was called to service as electrical engineer of the Seventh and Eighth districts, United States Lighthouse Establishment. During that war he was also engaged in laying submarine mines and cables along our southern coast. His aural instruments were not perfected until 1899, when he went to New York and established a laboratory on Twentieth Street, near Fourth Avenue. Several hundred patents have been granted Dr. Hutchison on a wide variety of inventions. His Klaxon horn is known wherever automobiles are used.

In 1912 Dr. Hutchison was made chief engineer of the Edison Laboratories, of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., and of the Edison Storage Battery Company. He continued in this relation until January 1, 1917, when he was appointed engineering advisor to Thomas A. Edison, and acquired exclusive sales rights of the Edison Storage Battery for all government purposes. These rights he assigned to Miller Reese Hutchison of New Jersey, Inc., of which he became president. He is also vice-president and majority stockholder of the Hutchison Office Specialties Company of New York. He now maintains a suite of offices on the fifty-first floor of the Woolworth Building, where he is engaged in special engineering and construction work, in the United States and overseas.

Dr. Hutchison rendered conspicuous service during the World War as a member of the Naval Consulting Board, where his counsel and advice were invaluable. He is still a member of that Board. Beside being a member of more than a score of electrical, engineering and technical societies, many distinguished honors have been given him, as, for instance, in 1902, when he was presented with a special gold medal by the Queen of a European nation as a "Reward of merit for scientific investigation and invention."

#### WELL EQUIPPED FOR THE TASK

It is to a man of these distinguished attainments and practical accomplishments that the direction of the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control was unanimously assigned by the Conference of several hundred representative men in Atlanta. That he is peculiarly fitted for undertaking a work of so great and far-reaching importance is believed by the successful and practical men who are rallying about him for the battle against the boll weevil, as members of his staff.

Dr. Hudson Maxim, of world-wide fame, who delivered one of the outstanding addresses at the Atlanta Conference, seconded the nomination of Dr. Hutchison as president and managing director of the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control, Inc., and in the course of his remarks said: "I have known Dr. Hutchison for a number of

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# Eating a Way to Health

*Many New Yorkers are travelling the clear vision road to health and happiness through the proper eating route*

By THEODOSIA PEARCE

NEW YORK lay sweltering beneath a burning sun, gasping for breath, looking vainly for some cool breeze to stir the humidity of this summer day. I walked along Broadway, one with the ceaseless, suffering crowd. Usually I love Broadway—its endless change and marvel, its ever-hurrying feet. But at such a time as this—mid-day, beneath a scorching sun—well, one longs for cool, deep meadows, and the winds lifting. I scanned the passing faces—hot, moist faces—discontent and fretful. Here and there in the crowd a cheery countenance, cooling and restful as some shady places to behold. I wondered to myself why here and there I should chance upon one apparently not affected by the heat, while the great mass mopped at damp foreheads and chafed at the truly unbearable weather.

It was at the noon hour. Countless numbers poured out of sky-scraping office buildings and into the endless restaurants on either side of the street. Watching them, I grew hungry. I was aware of my own need for food. And quite in accord with my desires, I resolved to eat. I was down at 30th Street, right in the maelstrom of the noon-hour rush—pushing along with the crowd, suddenly hungry and seeking for service—a half hour of rest and relaxation. And right there I came upon the restaurant of my choice. I stopped to read the gilt inscription on the window:

## THE VITAMIN

VEGETARIAN

Health Food Eating Places

"That sounds good to me," I mused with myself. "I think I'll have a try at this place."

So I walked in, jauntily enough, glad to leave the burning pavement outside for a time—and to knock the "h" off of heat. It did not take me more than a minute to adjust to this place—once I had found a vacant chair—and I had to do a bit of seeking to find one, for the restaurant was well filled. People were coming and going—waiters were moving about with surprising ease and quickness. Even in the stir and movement there was a lack of confusion. There was rather that sense of order and system. There was not that usual noise and clatter customary to such places at such a time. I found myself relaxing—and ready to enjoy my meal.

Studying the menu, I felt first an amusement. Surely here was something different—something where the value of food was of the gravest concern. My amusement changed to sincere appreciation. I was more than glad that I had come in. One might order soups—all of a vegetable variety—steaks and chops, fish even—made from nut meats, salads of many kinds—fruits in season. There was no array of flesh meats or rich pastries

to tempt the indigestion—no white bread. The menu was one of sane common sense, well balanced and inviting. And one sentence told me that here was used the Battle Creek Diet System, known the world over for its rational and health-giving resources. I ordered a Vitamin Luncheon Special—and such a big plate of cool delicious salad as was set before me—a salad built on plenty of fresh, crisp lettuce, and topped with ruddy-cheeked radishes and brown, ripe olives. To be somewhat slangy, but none the less enthusiastic, "I dug right in" and every morsel was a treat and a delight. After, I had walnut ice cream of the real mouth-melting variety. I went out from that restaurant rested—and satisfied. And more than that—resolved to learn something of the person or persons back of this really splendid enterprise.



**JAMES J. RICK**, a Philadelphia boy who went to New York in 1917 to join Herbert Hoover at the United States Food Administration, and served as Comptroller for Mr. Hoover's \$33,000,000 European Relief Council Appeal; also as Treasurer of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. More recently he was Vice-President of Marmite Incorporated of America. He is now President of Vitamin Restaurants, Inc., and is arranging to spread the scientific eating ideas now being enjoyed by patrons of the restaurants in New York City to other sections of the country

I had been directed to the head office in the Knickerbocker Building on 42nd Street, and I went there at once, asking if I might see the president of the concern. In a few minutes I was shown into the office of Mr. James J. Rick. Much to my surprise, a young chap rose to greet me pleasantly—surprise, indeed, for I had expected one of mature years and experience to be behind such a venture as this.

"You wanted to see me?" Mr. Rick asked, and I appreciated that friendly quality of his voice. Almost at once I knew that here was a young man who could be "Jimmie" to a wide host of friends—and at the same time dare to carry out his big ideas with a fearless determination and sincerity. For I knew his ideas were big. Had I not just come away from one of them.

"Tell me something about your restaurants," I asked him. "Tell me something of what you plan to do."

Mr. Rick smiled back at me modestly. I knew he would not find it easy to speak much about himself—but his enterprise—ah!—that was different. In his enthusiasm he could forget himself.

"You know," he began, "it is funny—how often the vital thing is the least thought of—or the last discovered. For years science and surgery have been working for the betterment and the happiness of the human race. Their efforts have been directed toward the health of a nation. They sought the world for discoveries to lift mankind from suffering. And only in recent years have thought and research been turned to the food we eat. Now in this present day the utmost care and consideration is being given to this question of diet. I had the idea of a restaurant where this important factor to the health of humanity would be daily and pleasantly carried out. I believed in Dr. Kellogg's system of dieting—and so I have put it to practical use in the Vitamin Restaurants.

"Our first restaurant was opened in February, 1922, at 256 Fifth Avenue. In time we outgrew our space. People who believed in the necessity of corrective eating were our constant patrons. Now we have moved the first restaurant to new quarters at 6 East 29th Street. Our second restaurant was opened at 1226 Broadway in May, 1923. In time we hope to have a chain of these places throughout Greater New York. And we will—" Mr. Rick smiled his affirmation, "for we have the thinking people of this day back of us. Food is the first consideration to good health—and also the first consideration of our services to the public."

"What about yourself?" I dared to put to him next. "There must be some experience to back you in this project."

Bit by bit I drew out startling facts from this young fellow—born in Philadelphia—came over to New York City at the organization of the United States Grain Corporation in 1917, and there, under the direction of Mr. Herbert

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# The Army the Mother of Invention

*Just as the Roman armies left behind many of the most imperishable monuments to that earlier Republic, so does the United States War Department keep in advance of civilian accomplishment*

Being the second and concluding installment of an article embodying the substance of an address delivered by

**W**E are obviously on the eve of perhaps the greatest period of construction and progress that we have yet known. The War Department is already playing its accustomed role of constructive pioneering. I have mentioned the work of the military engineers. There is a very significant influence in standardization of manufacture exerted by the department in its planning for the mobilization of industries for war. Military experiments in design of tanks and artillery tractors were influential in stimulating the development of the new tractor industry. The pioneering activities of our Air Service are preparing the way for an aviation industry in stimulating manufacture and in projecting or advising on projects for airways and communication facilities for air traffic.

The Army has likewise had a pioneering part in the development of the radio. Although the primary task of the Signal Corps is the modification of commercial apparatus to suit military purposes, its research and development experts are continually presenting to the scientific world solutions of vexing problems.

The Army has today seventy-two radio stations, comprising its radio nets installed to cover the United States. Last month these handled official messages employing more than 230,000 words and accordingly saved the Government a considerable sum of money that would otherwise have been spent on these communications.

Does the average citizen realize that the Signal Corps today operates approximately four hundred telephone systems, half of which are owned by the Government, and that the Army is accordingly a telephone organization second only to the Bell telephone system, which is, of course, the largest telephone organization on the Western Continent? "Just what," he asks, "is the value to the country of these systems?"

To answer this I look back to the construction of the transcontinental railroads and point out that the continual progress of the Army in development work was always followed by elaboration through civilian activities, and that it was the elaboration of what the Army began that gave us what we call our civilization today. One of the greatest impetus to the expansion of our telegraph system was given by the Signal Corps of the Army just after the Civil War. As late as 1877 there were more than three thousand miles of telegraph service throughout the South, operated by the Signal Corps as an outcome of their service in the war.

These wires provided the framework for building up the telegraph service in the South that exists today, just as the activities of the Army in early pioneer days resulted in settlements which later became great cities, such as Pittsburgh, on the site of Fort Pitt, and Chicago, on the site of Fort Dearborn. So we can now look upon the activities of our Signal Corps with realization that they provide us with an enormous addition to our other available means of communication,

## HON. JOHN WINGATE WEEKS Secretary of War

and with full expectation that in our coming development these means will prove of inestimable value.

It is interesting to appreciate that our Army has actually been a veritable "vanguard of American civilization," just as the Roman armies left behind many of the most imperishable monuments to that earlier republic.

**I** PROCEED to other little known activities, such as those of the Chemical Warfare Service. Does the average citizen know that the deadly mustard gas, as well as several other war gases, is being employed experimentally with great hopes of its proving a valuable retardant in the treatment of tuberculosis?

"Why," the citizen exclaims, "I thought that war gases caused respiratory diseases."

I inform him that, on the contrary, it has been established that they tend to prevent such diseases. Among the employees of large war-gas factories influenza and similar diseases were practically unknown during the period of the plagues that swept our country at the close of the World War. Extensive arrangements are being made in the laboratories of the Chemical Warfare Service

to conduct research into the fields of medical employment of war gases and by-products.

Tear gases have also been demonstrated as very effective in employment against barricaded criminals and in attempted jail deliveries and other riotous actions. The gas mask is becoming very valuable for use in mining activities. The Chemical Warfare Service has produced the only substance suitable for protection of miners against the deadly carbon-monoxide gas. In their development of gas masks and suitable materials therefor the scientists of the Chemical Warfare Service have made another valuable contribution to the industries in the form of a very active charcoal which is useful in manufacturing gasoline from natural gas and coal-tar products.

It is becoming recognized that any effective control of the boll weevil and similar pests must come from the adaptation of these poisonous compounds. The Air Service is co-operating in experiments by spraying the fields and orchards with the vapors. Experiments are being conducted by the Chemical Warfare Service in co-operation with the Navy Department in hopes of producing a non-fouling paint and thereby avoiding the results of barnacles which gather on ship bottoms. Gases are being used in experiments with the hope of destroying the teredo and limnoria, which bore into submerged timbers in our southern waters. Finally, in addition to all of these constructive activities, one must recognize that the work of the Chemical Warfare Service has led the way to the foundation of an American dye industry that should one day be one of our most valued assets.

Do you know that the Army started our steel industry, guided it through its early development, and, in co-operation with the Navy Department, stimulated it throughout its expansion to the present gigantic proportions? Our Interior Department was an outgrowth of the activities of the War Department; in fact, the latter once consisted of three parts which are now the War Department proper, the Navy Department, and the Interior Department. The Bureau of Public Roads grew out of the work of the Corps of Engineers. The Signal Corps can be said to have played a major part in development of the telegraph industries.

The development of our Life-Saving Service was possible largely through the co-operation of hundreds of miles of governmental telegraph lines, operated by the Signal Corps. The Light-house Service that plays such an important part in coastwise and terminal-ocean traffic, was built up by the Army and turned over to civil agencies only after its success was assured. In all of these ways the Army has proved that it can lead the way as a pioneer, not only through forests and over prairies, but also through the fields of science and industry.

When the American citizen takes his family out for a day in the country he frequently meets with a mishap, perhaps breaking a part of his



JOHN WINGATE WEEKS  
As a Cadet at Annapolis in 1881

automobile. Does he seek a country blacksmith or a machine shop to repair his Ford? Not he. Proceeding to the nearest garage, he finds a stock of spare parts which meet his wants and enable him to go "flivving" off in short order. He might, if he is scientifically inclined, utter a brief prayer to the inventor of "interchangeable manufacture" which produces spare parts.

If he were historically inclined, as well, he could look back over a century and discover that he owes this happy development to the filling of a contract for ten thousand muskets in 1798. That was the beginning of interchangeable manufacture. When the War of 1812 was forced on us, the art was so well established that interchangeability had become a normal contract specification of the War Department. One of our contracts in that year contained a clause which reads as follows: "The component parts of pistols are to correspond so exactly that any limb or part of one pistol may be fitted to any other pistol of the twenty thousand."

It is natural that out of this early development in Army arsenals should have come some consideration for the problem which we now call "scientific management." We feel that America leads the world in the art of the efficiency expert. Does my inquiring friend know that in this field, as in so many others, the Army appeared as a pioneer?

I refer him to Doctor Taylor, who is well known as a noted protagonist of scientific management and who makes frequent mention of the work of the Army in this respect. In one of his books he observes that the card system of shop returns was invented and introduced as a complete system for the first time in the Government shops of the Frankford Arsenal, and that this was a distinct advance in the art of efficiency management. My prospect is thus brought once more to appreciate that the by-products of our national defense cannot sensibly be ignored.

Does the citizen know that the Army organized the Weather Bureau and that during Army control this bureau gave out information that was of tremendous interest throughout the scientific world? Does he know that the Army has played a prominent part in diverting our explosives production into fields that offer great hopes of building up a great American nitrate industry which would be of inestimable benefit to the farmer? Does he know what the Army has done in helping to conserve our resources? The Army Engineers have led us in flood prevention and have assisted greatly in forest protection. At the present time the Air Service is co-operating, as much as funds will permit, in the work of the Department of Agriculture concerning forest-fire prevention. In the past year over one hundred thousand square miles of forest lands were covered by fliers. Of 1,248 fires occurring in the national preserves of California in three months, the aerial patrols reported 664 and were first to report 376.

"Why must such products come from the Army?" I am asked. "Why cannot some other agency do all of this work?"

I reply that neither the Government nor any individuals could afford to maintain a great pioneer organization with no other functions. Such benefits can come only from the work of an organized and trained public force which can produce them virtually as by-products and still perform its primary tasks. About the middle of last April the Mississippi River rose to the point of threatening disaster to thousands of families along its banks.

Members of Congress from that region visited the War Department for advice, and varying degrees of concern were manifested by officials of the States affected. It was apparent that there was no organization other than the Army that could drop its routine tasks and handle such an emergency. The War Department had experienced this situation in the past and had prepared detailed regulations to govern the forces which might have to operate under these conditions.

This potential power has unfortunately been called upon many times in our past. After the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906, it was the Army that took charge of disorder and administered the forces of order. In the Galveston disaster of 1915 the Army made a record for heroic achievement. Similarly the constructive value of the War Department was felt in the Mount Pelee disaster and during the Ohio and Mississippi floods of 1912. There is a huge file of grateful letters received by the department for its work in these instances and others similar.

THERE is a tendency to think of military men as hard-boiled masters of red tape and inefficiency. My own interest in the matter has led me to investigate the individual civil records of officers, to determine the effects of their military training. Their records are brilliant. In spite of the fact that their training has been for war, the influence of the high ideals of the Army and its spirit of teamwork has been enough to counteract the handicaps and enable officers to compete on fair terms.

During the first century of its existence, West Point sent 2,371 of its graduates into civil life, most of them after some years of military service in the Army. Even a very small college would graduate as many as 2,371 in a few years. Yet where is there a small or great college or university that can excel the record of these eminent 2,371 graduates in civil life, extending from president to architect?

The very citizen who criticizes us for "red tape" might have sent us one of the countless queries which we receive daily, such as "Did George Washington throw a silver dollar across the Potomac River?" and "Who originated the term 'Buddy'?" If the citizen makes these inquiries in good faith, we are required to answer him, for it is his business even more than ours.

During May, 1919, the average number of pieces of mail received daily in this one office of the Adjutant General was over a half million. In 1919 over 80,000,000 pieces of mail were received. I give these figures to the curious one in order to convince him that there is plenty of opportunity for the Army officer to learn administration. The Adjutant General's is but one of a great number of offices maintained by officers of the Army. There is every known phase of human life involved in their administrative calendars. Does the citizen realize that the Army must train thousands of young men not only for war, but also in vocational and educational features? We have a continuous school problem and a normal provision for training men in nearly all occupations and vocations.

This accusation that the War Department wastes its money extravagantly is, of course, rather easy to refute. I do not know where this idea started—that the Army wastes its money so lavishly—unless it is from the knowledge that when we rush into war unprepared there is great general inefficiency of spending at a time when we must "spend or take the consequences." I do not desire to inject a political atmosphere into

this discussion, and accordingly I hesitate to discuss in detail our efforts to save money.

I believe that the operations of the Budget Bureau have, however, been approved by all parties. It seems safe to mention that during the past fiscal year the War Department withheld from expenditure about \$85,000,000 which it might have spent. Of this amount, \$35,000,000 represents projects that were postponed, while \$50,000,000 was actually turned back into the unappropriated balance in the Treasury.

"Why, that is unheard of!"

Unheard of perhaps, but true. It is difficult to appreciate the determination with which the entire Army has entered into our campaign of saving. Does the citizen know that the chief co-ordinator has been assisted by nine regular officers and that there would doubtless be more of them in the Bureau of the Budget if their numbers were not now so limited? Or that the present co-ordinator is himself a retired officer of the Army?

"But how can Canada afford this training?" inquires my curious prospect.

I might reply that it is by cutting down on her use of chewing gum. We are a nation of gum chewers. In a year we spend three times as much for "chewing gum and candy" as we spend for military preparation. For soda and confections we spend more than three times; for tobacco, more than four times; for perfumery, jewelry, and other items of adornment, nearly five times; and for theaters, cabarets, and similar amusements, more than three times. In other words, this military preparation that appears to cost so much really costs us about one-eighteenth of what we spend for mild vices and "harmless amusements."

DURING and after the Conference for Limitation of Armament last fall, I frequently heard the remark, "Why doesn't this country set an example in practice, as she does in words, for the reduction of military forces?"

I reply that although we are one of the greatest of powers, our Army stands sixteenth on the list of the armies of the world. If we had taken the average of military strengths of the powers in that conference, we should raise our strength to about 450,000 men. If we based our strength upon population we should have, roughly, 1,000,000 men. Yet we reduced recently to a strength of 125,000 men.

"Oh," is the reply, "but we could quickly throw 4,000,000 men into the field."

Really, the Army cannot take the field without materials and supplies. The proceedings of the conference would have shown that whereas Great Britain was prepared to throw a force of 6,000,000 men into immediate service, France more than 5,000,000, Italy more than 3,000,000, and Japan more than 1,000,000, we could with difficulty outfit an army of a bare million, were these available, officered and freshly trained for service.

"No, my friend," I reply, "there need be no fear that we might fail to lead the way to reduction." By every conceivable method of comparison you can find that we have set the example in limitation by a very pronounced inferiority to the strength of any civilized power of great importance in the world. The greatest fear is that we might lead too far and tempt other nations before they are prepared for the trust which reduction implies.

The response sometimes comes, "Would not our trust cause other nations to disarm rather than to take the aggressive?"

I reply that I would like to believe it. There



are few exceptions to the general rule that all peoples desire peace and decry war. No country has made more determined efforts to remove possible causes of conflict and to lighten burdens of preparedness. For further developments we must, however, wait until the world follows the example already set. We damage other peoples by placing too much trust in them—a trust that we cannot even place in our own population.

"What do you mean, Mr. Secretary, by saying that we cannot trust our own people?"

I reply that we cannot bare our own institutions to the citizens of the country—that we must provide a guard that protects not only the institutions, but also unfortunate individuals against their own worst tendencies, which might lead them to crimes destructive alike to the public weal and to their own happiness. The 1920 census discloses that there were in this country at least 32,314 marshals, sheriffs, and detectives; 82,214 policemen, and 115,553 watchmen, guards, and doorkeepers—a total of 229,981 employed for protection against dangerous impulses.

Added to this there were 50,171 firemen, making a total of 280,152 engaged in protection of our institutions against the elements which force us to insure our private affairs. Yet we maintain less than half the number as our share of the police of the world—against peoples at most no more law-abiding than are we. In one year the insurance companies of the United States paid out to policyholders as insurance against death, fire, marine losses, and industrial loss over \$1,125,000,000.

It is presumable that policyholders paid at least as much for insurance. Added to this amount is the amount paid to the police and

watchmen for protection. We invest in a military preparedness policy, accordingly, less than one-fifth of the amount paid for internal insurance and protection.

"These figures are very remarkable," he says. "I am impressed with the logic of your position—but something still makes me dislike to spend money for military preparations."

John C. Calhoun remarked many years ago when he ran afoul of similar objections, "If our liberty should ever be endangered by the military power gaining the ascendancy, it will be from the necessity of making those mighty and irregular efforts to retrieve our affairs, after a series of disasters, caused by a want of military knowledge, just as in our physical system a state of the most dangerous excitement and paroxysm follows that of the greatest debility and prostration. To avoid these dangerous consequences and to prepare the country to meet a state of war, particularly at its commencement, with honor and safety, much must depend upon the organization of our military peace establishment."

My immediate predecessor also observed that "I know of no war in which America has been engaged, offensive or defensive, which was brought about by army pressure, or, indeed, stimulated by military desire." This deep belief has been manifested by practically every public official in close contact with this department, and it has been, perhaps, the most common thought of our Chief Executives that we must look best to defensive plans if we would accomplish best our peaceful program.

One has but to look over the face of the earth today to realize that even those nations who have adopted the most fantastic theories of idealistic

organization continue impressed with their need for national defense.

"Perhaps this is all true," replies the citizen, "but why is it, then, that the officials of the War Department and of the Army are talking and thinking about national defense and war, when the rest of us are thinking about peace?"

The citizen so often forgets that we pay these officials to think about war and about defense. The policemen are supposed to be on the lookout for thefts and the firemen for fires. The householder thinks only of the robberies in his own block. I ask the citizen a question, "How many wars have we Americans been through in our history?"

"Oh, about five or six," is the reply.

I then point out to him that while he counts war on the fingers of one hand the War Department numbers its actual calls to active service at more than one hundred.

"Why, I didn't know that! What were these calls?"

I observe that there has actually been an average of one call to every year and a half of our national life.

Knowledge of our country and of its institutions we must have. We are united in our ideals; we must be united in our methods of defending those ideals. Regardless of our political affiliations or beliefs, we can always join in wholehearted response to the appeal of Theodore Roosevelt when he cried, "Our voice is now potent for peace, and is so potent for peace because we are not afraid of war. But our protestations upon behalf of peace would neither receive nor deserve the slightest attention if we were impotent to make them good."

[ The first installment of this remarkable symposium by Secretary Weeks of the duties of the United States War Department and its peace-time accomplishments in the constructive development of the country appeared in the June number of the NATIONAL ]

## Eating a Way to Health

Continued from page 81

Hoover, supervised the finances of this \$500,000,000 corporation. This organization was strictly non-political; organized to control the grain supply, and during its three years' existence had a business turnover of more than \$8,000,000,000. When the Grain Corporation was liquidated, Mr. Rick served as Comptroller for Mr. Hoover's European Relief Council and during the period of its activity Mr. Rick's office handled 350,000 individual donations, amounting to more than \$33,000,000—all in the splendid effort to save the lives of three-and-one-half million little children in Central Eastern Europe. Can you not imagine the bulk of work and detail involved in a campaign of this character? Through various press comments and letters which Mr. Rick modestly gave me to read, I learned that Mr. Hoover and his associates paid great credit to James J. Rick. There were letters of co-operation and appreciation from big men all over the country—men who had worked with this young fellow—and found in his tireless enthusiasm a source of inspiration. I remember one sentence from a letter written by Hon. Everett Colby, former Senator from New Jersey—which I believe sums up the secret of Mr. Rick's remarkable success: "Your knack of doing the tactful and charming thing amounts to genius."

On March 31st, 1921, the employees at the

European Relief Council gave Mr. Rick a farewell dinner at the Majestic Hotel, and from press reports of the affair the employees certainly held Mr. Rick in high esteem. Mr. Rick was presented with a silver cigar container on which was inscribed:

PRESENTED TO  
JAMES J. RICK  
COMPTROLLER OF  
EUROPEAN RELIEF COUNCIL  
BY THE  
Personnel of his department in appreciation  
of the courtesy and consideration  
bestowed upon them

Mr. Hoover has nothing but the highest praise for Mr. Rick's work during those years. In one letter he states: "I cannot commend too highly the work of the Comptroller's office (Mr. Rick's office) of the European Relief Council. The record of this department has been above criticism in every respect."

Mr. Rick has given unstintingly of his time and energy to save the lives of countless little children. He also served as Treasurer of the

Veterans of Foreign Wars—an organization to help veterans who served the United States on foreign shores. This service was without remuneration of any kind. Now, with the World War in the dim past, this young man with this new vision, has turned his time and his talent to bring about the health and happiness of the new race. Through his business he is making a really sincere effort to promote the ideals of right living to a people.

"In the future," he told me, "we must think sanely and directly to acquire health and happiness. Here in New York where daily hundreds of thousands must eat outside their homes, I would offer them what is wholesome and pure; I would help them in that way to find all of the beauty they seek. I would help them to build strong bodies—fit habitation for strong, progressive minds."

Mr. Rick—"Jimmie" I want to call him—is indeed of the new generation—a man of force with a great ideal—the ideal of health to all humanity—doing his best to bring this ideal about.

Here's my hand to your fine enterprise.

May the Vitamin Restaurants come to be known up and down the land!

And here's my hat off to you, Jimmie Rick, and your new vision.

# Marland of Ponca City

By EVERETT LLOYD

FROM the top floor of the Marland Office Building in Ponca City, Oklahoma, one can get a composite view of the most complete and unified industrial corporation in the world. So perfectly have the units of this enterprise been assembled that the panorama scene may be described as "beautiful."

The picture thus described is the home of the Marland Oil Company and various Marland subsidiaries radiating to all points in the Mid-Continent oil field and wielding an influence second only to the Standard Oil Company in the Oklahoma oil regions. From the Marland Building one can see the Marland Refinery with a capacity of 12,000 barrels daily; the fleet of 1,000 Marland tank cars, the Marland warehouses and loading racks capable of loading 100 cars daily; and the 4,000,000 barrel storage tank farm, now being increased to more than 5,000,000 and the oil field itself from whence the company gets a part of its crude oil supply—not all of its supply—because the Marland interests have producing wells in several other important fields in Oklahoma, notably Burbank and Tonkawa and in Mexico.

As a financial romance the history of Ernest W. Marland and the properties he has built and developed is an outstanding chapter, and represents the model industrial corporation at least in this country, and probably the finest individual personage created or contributed to American business and society by the petroleum industry. No other single group of industrial properties can compare with the Marland industries in physical and material beauty; few surpass them in unified and harmonious co-ordination, and none in their social and economic influence on their local communities.

Ernest Marland himself is not the greatest financial success in the oil industry when measured in actual wealth. There are wealthier men than he, because mere money-getting has not been his ambition. If Marland has one ambition

above another it has been to build the most responsive and utilitarian, the most unified and serviceable business corporation in America; and in this he has succeeded to the extent that the

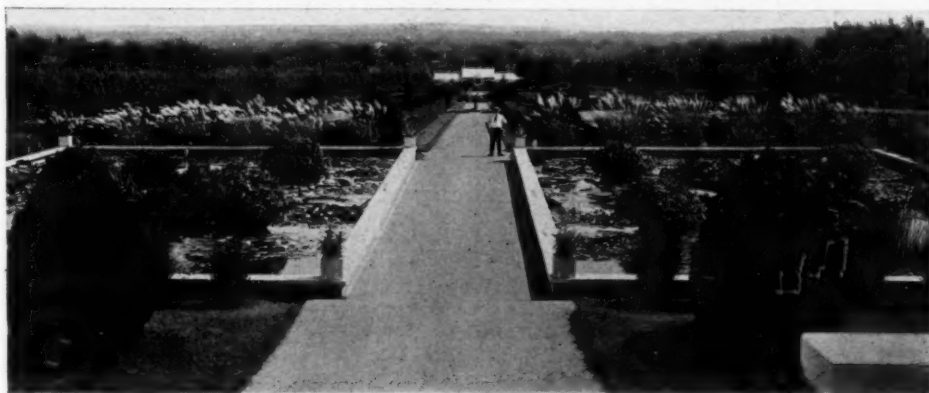
**THIS** is the story of one of the petroleum kings of America—ERNEST W. MARLAND of the Marland Oil Company, Ponca City, Oklahoma. He is one of the Empire Builders of the West. Silent, gentle and genteel, he is the least exploited big man in America, yet a leader in industry and finance. As the builder and creator of the model oil corporation of this country and developer of business executives and men of initiative his position is supreme

Marland industries are looked upon in the industrial world as models of efficiency, service and survival value. It is likewise a matter of record as well as general knowledge that Marland has succeeded in another respect—he has assembled the finest and most cohesive organization of associates, executives and experts to be found in any corporation having anything like a similar number of employees. With few exceptions the executives in the Marland enterprises are young men, most of them around thirty years of age, but they represent the pick of the country in their respective lines. They are men who can do their work so well that supervision is not needed, and friction and inharmony are unknown.

There are few big industrial leaders or employers in this country who would not be benefitted by a visit to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where vision and a sense of beauty and mutual regard have



ERNEST W. MARLAND, President of the Marland Oil Company, the Marland Refining Company, the Marland Oil Company of Mexico, and various Marland subsidiaries, whose vast oil holdings and production in the Mid-Continent field make him one of the dominating figures in the Petroleum industry of America, and probably the largest independent individual producer and refiner in the world. The business of his Ponca City industries represents a complete cycle in oil development: production, transportation and refining of crude petroleum and the marketing of petroleum products. Mr. Marland was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, forty-eight years ago; was educated at the University of Pittsburgh, and graduated at the Law School of the University of Michigan when he was nineteen. After practicing law in Pennsylvania for a short time he became an oil producer on his own account before he was twenty-one. Among his first clients were many oil men; and, with the discovery of the Oklahoma fields, he removed to that state and is to-day regarded as the First Citizen of Oklahoma.

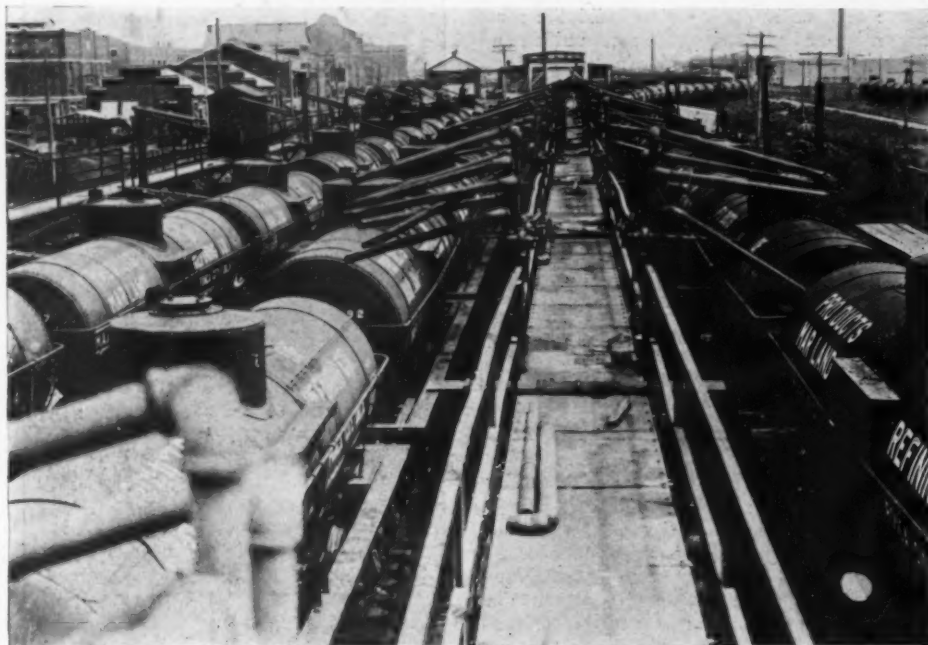


THE MARLAND GARDENS adjoining the Marland home are open to the public. Landscape improvement and the development of his gardens is Mr. Marland's greatest hobby; and at the present time he is developing a large tract near his home as a wild game preserve





**A** RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF PONCA CITY, showing modern homes built by Marland for employees. The permanent impression one gets of the town is its absolute newness—it appears to have been just recently completed. The stores, office buildings and everything about the town are spick and span



**T**HE MARLAND OIL COMPANY is one of the few big companies operating a complete unit in the oil industry. The company has its own production of 25,000 barrels daily, tank cars and storage facilities capable of impounding 5,000,000 barrels of oil



**C**lub room in basement of the Marland Office Building for employees. There is also a modern cafe for the employees and executives, and at the noon hour all meet on a common social level. There is also in the basement of the building a dance parlor where many social affairs are held

lifted a great industry to the high plane of artistic endeavor. A visit to Ponca City is a lesson in human understanding, an approach to the ideal in finance and industry; and exemplifies the many ways in which a truly successful man and a great business corporation can serve society. Marland's success, his personal application of vision and unselfish consideration for his employees and associates is radiant with hope for the future; and were other industrial leaders to follow his example Utopia would soon be attained.

Ponca City, Oklahoma, a city of probably fourteen thousand, has been the home of Ernest W. Marland since he emerged from Pittsburgh as a young lawyer and oil prospector. It was here that fortune favored him and he has been content to continue to live in the town and be a part of its social and community life. To the people of Ponca City he is still "Ernest Marland," serves on committees, is interested in local elections, keeps "open house" for his friends and neighbors and remains in all other respects one of them. Though he owns a yacht, a private Pullman car and a palatial home he is still a human being.

Ernest Marland's interest in his home town and his neighbors is not confined to his industrial relations as employer and co-worker for the common good. He wants to make others happy, to contribute in a manner that all will be the beneficiaries. One of his benefactions to the people of Ponca City is the use of his beautifully landscaped private golf links; and the result has been that the town boasts more golf fans—wage-earners, bankers and business associates included—than any other town in the country of similar size. Recently Mr. Marland purchased a large tract near the Marland Office Building and built an athletic field, including ball park, grandstand, club rooms and shower baths; but his latest hobby is the development and landscaping of a large tract near his home as a wild game preserve. If Ernest Marland has a weakness it is for flowers, as every Marland enterprise will show.

\* \* \*

#### MARLAND AND MARLAND SUBSIDIARIES

**E**RNEST W. MARLAND is a product of the oil regions of Pennsylvania, having been born in Pittsburgh, May 18, 1874. He received his academic education at the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh. After graduating from the law school of the University of Michigan at the age of 19 he returned to Pittsburgh and engaged in the practice of law, specializing in oil and land titles. As Marland's clients were mostly oil men it was natural that he should drift into the oil business, and before he was twenty-one he was an oil producer on his own account.

With the discovery of the Oklahoma fields Mr. Marland shifted his operations to the new state, where he has since become the most powerful individual figure and one of the largest independent producers and refiners in the world, the combined assets of the Marland Oil Company and the major Marland subsidiaries being in excess of \$81,000,000; with 300,000 acres of oil leases in the Mid-Continent field, and 15,345,000 acres in the Topila-Panuco-Ebano regions and the West Coast districts of Mexico. The unmined reserves of the Marland interests in the Mid-Continent field alone are estimated to be worth millions, and will enable this company to make money in the oil business as long as any other oil company.

The Marland Oil Company of Mexico is one of the Marland subsidiaries. Capitalized at \$2,000,000, the company is now making geological surveys with the view to early development. In fact, several wells have already been brought in on their Mexican holdings and the recent investigations have revealed that the Marland interests own some very promising structures in the Panuco district.

The Marland Oil Company proper is a holding company and represents various mergers and purchases of other companies having valuable acreage and production in the Mid-Continent field. The company has an authorized capital of 2,000,000 shares of no par value. Twelve thousand stockholders distributed throughout forty-six states own the stock of the Marland Oil Company which is now listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The stock of the Company represents a most substantial investment, paying ten per cent dividends on the present market value. That these dividends can be continued seems to admit of but little doubt in view of the constant growth of volume of business and net earnings. These earnings, after interest and before reserves, grew from \$1,564,000 in 1921, to \$7,195,000 in 1922, and to \$6,452,000 (June estimated) in the first six months of 1923.

Nowhere is a company better located to operate economically. The company is essentially a developer, continually bringing in new fields; and few of the so-called Big companies have as large unmined reserves as the Marland interests, not to mention the present yearly production at the rate of 9,000,000 barrels. The greatest strength of the company lies in these reserves of crude petroleum in the Mid-Continent field, together with the location of refineries and pipe lines in that area in which the company controls a large part of the acreage as well as production. The present supply of crude is obtained from 476 producing wells of high gravity oil.

The average daily net production of the Marland Oil Company in the Mid Continent field from its own wells is 25,000 barrels, this production being more than sufficient for the Marland refinery at Ponca City.

For rapidity of development and unprecedented increase in values the success of the Marland Oil Company is without parallel in the petroleum field. The greatest expansion, however, dates from the discovery of the Ponca City field in 1912 and the building of the Ponca City refinery in 1918. In the Ponca City field the company has sixty-six producing wells. But since building the refinery the Marland interests have brought in many new fields, notably the Burbank and Tonkawa fields, the two largest producers of high gravity oil in the Mid-Continent field.

The oil from the Marland properties in the Mid-Continent field is transported through 325



**THE MARLAND REFINERY AT PONCA CITY**, with a capacity of 12,000 barrels daily. The Marland Oil Company operates its own pipe lines. The refinery contains 32 stills, of which six are continuous, six agitators, 24 filters, 25 centrifuge machines and six wax processes



**ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE BUILDING** of the Marland Oil Company and Marland subsidiaries. There are 1,800 employees on the payroll of the Marland companies, and more than 12,000 stockholders throughout 46 of the 48 States of the Union own the stock of the Marland Oil Company. The list embraces people in every rank of life, the majority of them being in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Oklahoma and Missouri

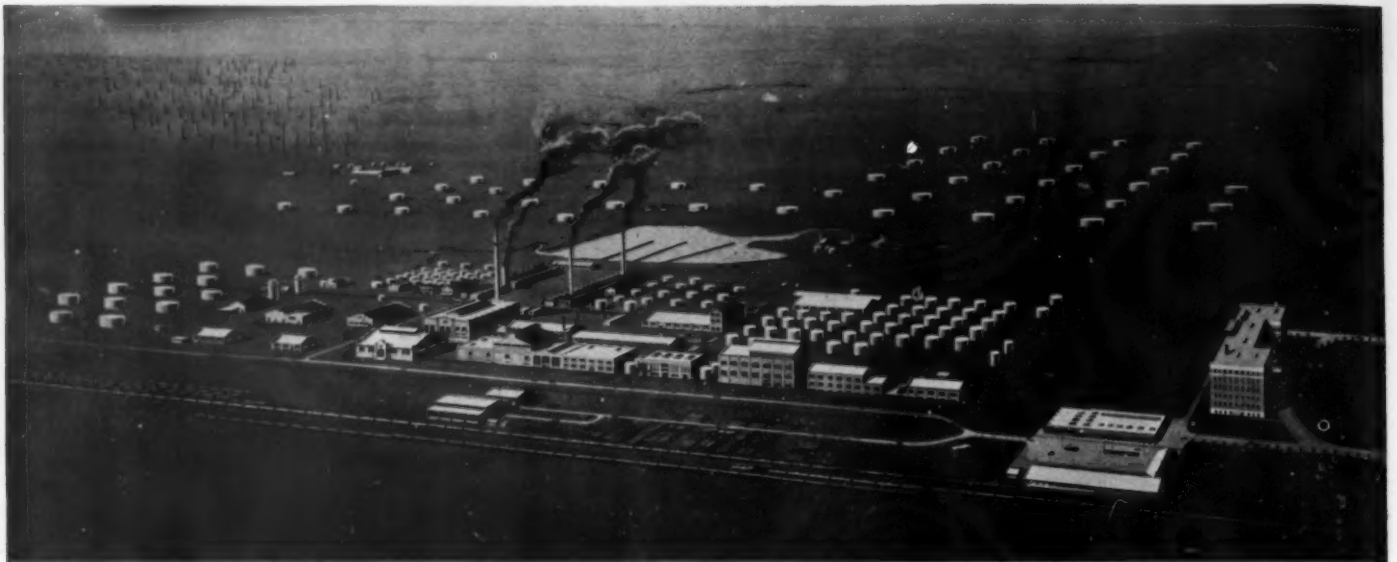


**EVEN A MARLAND OIL FILLING STATION** is suggestive of a flower garden. Everything E. W. Marland does he invests with beauty and symmetry. This picture shows the Marland filling station at Ponca City, which is undoubtedly one of the prettiest in the country

miles of pipe lines operated by the Kay County Gas Company to the Ponca City refinery and tank farm. The Kay County Gas Company is another Marland subsidiary, having a capital of \$7,000,000, divided into 7,000,000 shares of the par value of one dollar each. This company owns the oil and gas pipe lines of the organiza-

tion, supplies natural gas to various cities and towns in Oklahoma, owns gas leases covering 350,000 acres and is one of the most profitable adjuncts of the Marland industries. Another Marland subsidiary and one of recent formation is the Alcorn Oil Company, a producing company.





**H**ERE IS A SCENE which it is believed cannot be duplicated in America, and represents probably the model industrial plant in this country. We are not accustomed to associating beauty with an oil refinery, but in this case the rule is reversed. In this picture are shown the Marland refinery, the Marland office building, the 5,000,000 barrel storage tank farm of the Marland Oil Company, the oil field from whence the company gets a part of its crude oil supply, the Marland warehouses and loading racks capable of loading 100 cars of oil daily. The properties are surrounded by many beautiful landscape improvements and are in striking contrast to the usual industrial enterprise. Every stage of the oil industry is shown in the picture—from the time the oil is brought from the wells until it is loaded into tank cars.

The business of the Marland industries represents a complete cycle in oil activity, that is, the production, transportation and refining of crude petroleum and the marketing of refined petroleum products, the latter being handled both on a wholesale and retail basis. Marland products are sold throughout the United States and in many foreign countries; and recently wharves and shipping facilities were completed at Texas City, Texas, on the Texas Gulf Coast, to care for export trade as well as importations from Mexico.

In connection with the transportation of oil the Marland companies own and operate 250 miles of telegraph and telephone lines connecting the offices with the producing properties. In connection with the marketing of their products the company owns and operates a fleet of 1,000 tank cars, 185 trucks, 160 automobiles and large facilities in the way of loading racks and storage tanks.

No branch of the Marland Oil Company's business is more interesting than the sales department. Marland Products are sold in practically every state and in many foreign countries. The company maintains sixty filling stations and sixty-two distributing stations in various cities and towns in Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas.

The Marland Executive Staff is thoroughly organized and functions in perfect order. The Staff consists of the Chief Executive, thirteen Managing Directors, and Eleven Financial Directors. Mr. E. W. Marland is Chief Executive, and in his absence the Managing Directors in order of seniority act as Chief Executive, Mr. W. H. McFadden being Senior Managing Director.

The departments that make up the Marland companies are supervised by the Managing Directors and entire responsibility for their operation and control rests with these directors,

nearly all of whom have their homes in Ponca City.

When we consider the Marland interests as a complete unit or cycle in oil operation, with production of 9,000,000 barrels a year, with vast unmined reserves; with their own pipe lines, refinery and gasoline plants, distributing stations and an increasing and world-wide demand for Marland oils and Marland by-products; and an organization capable of expanding operations to meet changing conditions, it becomes evident that the position of the company is secure; and that it is yet to experience its greatest growth and most profitable eras. No other oil company—regardless of size—is better organized or better prepared to meet the demands of the future. The Marland Oil Company stands out as one of the premier business organizations in this country.

The Directors of the Marland Oil Company are as follows:

#### MANAGING DIRECTORS

E. W. Marland, President; W. H. McFadden, Vice President, Administration; W. G. Lackey, Vice President, Finances; J. S. Alcorn, Vice President, Land; F. R. Kenney, Vice President; S. C. Collins, Marketing; C. C. Brown, Production and Pipe Lines; Earl Oliver, Marland Oil Company of Mexico, S. A., and Economics; F. P. Geyer, Geology; George Shallenberger, Assistant to the President; Seward R. Sheldon, Treasurer; J. K. Cleary, Land; Walter Miller, Refining; Dr. W. A. J. M. Van Waterschoot Van der Gracht, Assistant to the President; George R. Marland.

#### FINANCIAL DIRECTORS

A. R. Brunner, Chicago, Illinois; J. D. Callery, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; A. J. McAllister, New York, New York; L. J. Nicolaus, St. Louis, Missouri; Jansen Noyes, New York, New York; E. N. Potter, New York, New York; C. D. Smith, Memphis, Tennessee; J. E. Stevenson, Wheeling, West Virginia; A. C. Stifel, Wheeling, West Virginia; Vernon F. Taylor, Indiana, Pennsylvania.



**T**HE MARLAND HOME AT PONCA CITY. Though he is one of the wealthiest men in Oklahoma, and by common consent has done more for his home city and state than possibly any other man, Ernest Marland has not grown too big for his home town and still has the human touch. He is known as "Ernest Marland" to his friends and neighbors in Ponca City and is never too busy to take part in local civic affairs. Few men have impressed their characters and personalities on their home cities to the same extent E. W. Marland has impressed himself on Ponca City. Everywhere one looks there are evidences of his benefactions and philanthropies.

*Reason's who'e pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words—health, peace and competence.*

POPE.

## The Painter of the Capitol

Continued from page 57

telephones. Here his canvas for the next panel in the House of Representatives is stretched.

The brushes that the Master Brumidi used in painting the frieze around the dome in Statuary Hall are his treasured souvenirs.

"The lime is still in them," he said as he flicked it out.

Mr. Moberly also pointed with pride to a baby's figure he had completed to take the place of one destroyed.

"Brumidi's wife was his inspiration and his model. I can find her face in every mural," continued Mr. Moberly. "They are disguised often, either by the coloring of the hair, or eyes, but the features, the character, the beauty of form, color and lines are always there. As a young lad I knew her well. Long after Brumidi died she was my friend; she helped and encouraged me; often through questioning and by refreshing her memory on different points, I gradually learned many of the secrets of painting on wet plaster. Brumidi was very jealous of his art and did not even teach his own son these secrets, though he sent him to Europe to learn from the masters there as much as they could teach him of oil and water color.

"When I was a little boy seven years old," mused Mr. Moberly, "my grandmother brought me to Washington. One day she brought me to the Capitol and I saw the great Brumidi painting that frieze around the dome. I then made up my mind that I, too, would do that work some day. The year I was born Brumidi was at his zenith and did the glorious mural in the dome above."

## Nazimova—Player of Roles

Continued from page 58

work with. Many a director, accustomed to absolute control over his star and his cast, has crossed swords with her and either bowed to defeat or been requested to hand in his resignation. Recently the Metro Company, under whose auspices Nazimova has been making her pictures for several years, admitted itself unable to cope any longer with her whims and vagaries, for which reason the connection between the great star and the great corporation will be severed after the release of "Camille," her most recent Metro production. Obviously Nazimova, with her knowledge of all branches of the cinema art, her originality and her independence, should have a producing company of her own over which she may have absolute control—and this, I am told, is her intention as to the future. We may then look forward to some interesting and out-of-the-ordinary picture productions.

In the meantime, however, Madame has other plans. She intends to return to the speaking stage in a play written by a woman, directed by a woman, and played by a cast composed entirely of women. She is a bred-in-the-bone feminist, and has infinite faith in the ultimate success of this unique undertaking. I believe, too, that it will be successful. But this is not because I am a feminist; it is because I have met Nazimova.

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# TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"  
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



## HIRAM GETS THE MARBLES

A progressive young fellow left the farm and got a job in the city. He wrote a letter to his brother, who elected to stick by the farm, telling the joys of city life.

"Thursday we autoed out to the Country Club, where we golfed until dark. Then we motored to the beach and Fridayed there."

The brother on the farm wrote back: "Yesterday we buggied to town and base-balled all afternoon. Then we went to Med's and poked until morning. Today we muled out to the cornfield and ge-hawed until sundown. Then we suppered and piped awhile. After that we stair-cased up to our room and bedsted until the clock fived."

—Dodo.

At Palm Beach said mother to daughter:

"I hope you'll show pride in the water;  
For I heard yesterday

In a round about way,  
That you really showed more than you  
oughter.

—Juggler.

Mike Murphy's quite a linguist  
At that he can't be beat,  
He has one brogue upon his tongue  
And two upon his feet.

—Froth.

King Tut (Before his kick off)—Now be  
sure and put a couple of extra tires on my  
chariot because there isn't any air over 25  
miles high and if I was to have a blow-out  
—I'd be in a helluva fix.

—Yellow Jacket.

Numb—Hallo, Scull, when is your mar-  
riage to Miss Snappy coming off?

Scull—It has been indefinitely postponed.

N.—What's the matter?

S.—Oh, she married another fellow.

—Puppet.

## DE-LAID EGGS

Customer—Hey, what took you so long  
with my eggs?

Waiter—Pardon the delay, but they were  
mis-laid.

—Moonshine.

NOTSO—HAVE YOU READ "TO A SKY-  
LARK?"

FUNNY—I TRIED TO ONCE BUT THE  
DURN THING FLEW AWAY.

—Juggler.

Rastus—Ah can't get dis spot off'n yo'  
trousers.

Student—Have you tried gasoline?

Rastus—Yas, suh.

Student—Have you tried ammonia?

Rastus—Naw suh, but I'm almost sure  
they'll fit.

—Yellow Jacket.

"Those Americans are funny people," said  
the Englishman. "In America they say,  
'Where am I at?' and in England we say,  
'Where is my 'at?'"

—Dodo.

## THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of con-  
tributions for the June  
number was selected from

*The Phoenix*

(University of Chicago)

Absent-minded Prof.—Who's there?

Burglar—Lie still, I'm looking for some  
money.

Prof.—Wait a minute, I'll help you.

—Juggler.

SHE—WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A  
SMART GIRL?

HE—ONE WHO CAN MAKE HER  
COMPLEXION TASTE AS GOOD AS IT  
LOOKS.

—Froth.

## TUTI FRUITI!

Teacher (to small boy eating apple behind  
his desk)—Tut, tut, tut!

Boy—Gee, teacher, I can't say his name  
either!

—California Pelican.

Suitor—Mr. Perkins, I have courted your  
daughter for fifteen years.

Perkins—Well, what do you want?

Suitor—To marry her.

Perkins—Well, I'll be damned. I thought  
you wanted a pension or something.

—Puppet.

## HIS WORD

"I give you my word the next person who  
interrupts the proceedings," said the judge  
sternly, "will be expelled from the court-  
room and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner.

Then the judge pondered.

—Wampus.

The young man arrived at the party and  
made his way to the hostess, greeting her  
and apologizing for his lateness.

"Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Jones,"  
said the hostess. "So good of you to come.  
But where is your brother?"

"He was unable to come. You see, we  
are so busy just now that it was impossible  
for both of us to get away and so we tossed  
up to see which of us should come."

"How nice! And you won?"

"No," replied the young man, absently.  
"I lost!"

—The Malteaser.

## FALSE ALARM

Co-ed—What do you think of my new dress?

Ed—It's ripping.

Co-ed—Mercy! Bring my coat!

—Pacific Weekly.

## BRIGHT IDEA

Reggie—How do you like my new football  
outfit? See how well I'm padded. Why,  
nothing could hurt me.

Peggie—Don't you think now would be a  
good time to ask papa?

—Juggler.

"JOHNNY, I'M AFRAID I'LL NOT SEE YOU  
IN HEAVEN," SAID THE FATHER TO HIS ER-  
RANT BOY.

"WHY, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING NOW,  
POP?"

—Tar Baby.

"Why aren't there any fire escapes on this  
building?"

"Madam, because we are so public-  
spirited. If there is ever a fire in this build-  
ing we don't want it to escape."

—Stanford Chapparral.

"You naughty boy. Did you teach him  
to swear?"

"Naw, not me! He could swear better'n  
that if I'd 'a taught him."

—Washington Sun Dodger.

Salvation Nell—Won't you give your old  
clothes for the European relief, sir?

Student—And get arrested the first time  
I went outdoors? No, sir!

—Stanford Chapparral.

"Sir, I have come to ask for your daughter  
in marriage—"

"Can you support a family?"

"Beg pardon, sir; I only asked for the  
girl."

—Flamingo.

Continued on page 92

## THE QUIET THOUGHT

GOD, there's no use in waking any more—  
 I am too tired in mind and heart to pray,  
 Even when sunlight, falling through the door,  
 Lifts my white face to watch the passing day.  
 God, it's no use. Even the stealing scent  
 Of breaking buds that creep along the boughs  
 Outside the open windows, was not meant  
 To wake my soul this Spring. It will not rouse,  
 Nor look out where the crocus breaks the sod  
 In azure arrows. Other springs had flowers;  
 Their beauty blinded, played me like a rod  
 Through the blue stillness of the flowing hours  
 I am too weary, mind and heart, to pray,  
 Even to send no waking any more:  
 Only to watch the passing of each day  
 That comes and tiptoes out the lonely door.

—Betty Shores.

OH, fear not in a world like this  
 And thou shalt know ere long,—  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow.

## A PRINTER'S ACCIDENT

A printer from Osgosh, out riding in his Mehlie, collided with a street car and as a consequence got all "pied up." He was picked up as dead and carried to the pressroom to see if an operation would make any impression on him. The doctor removed three sticks-full of ground bone, some three and four-em slivers, several pieces of metal and wood furniture, and a case of two-point pieces of glass. As soon as he was off the stone, he was sent out as an extra edition, but it was useless as he was "off his feet," and made a very poor impression. Realizing that in his present make-up he is no good, he has gone to the printers' home to compose himself.

—J. F. Locke.

## Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 78

drove a bakery cart, according to one of the older office boys.

First as teller and then as cashier with the old Riverside Bank, he started his journey in the field of finance. He had not been in this new work more than six months before it became evident to him that something was wrong, and Henry Bizallion resigned for the reason that he was not satisfied with the management of the bank. In fact, he told his superior that he was crooked, and along with his resignation went the information to the friends he had made in the bank that all was not well and the advice to protect themselves. Within five months the bank crashed, and the president began serving in Sing Sing, where he now is.

This all happened thirteen years ago, which was the birth date of the Gotham National Bank, all because the appreciating friends whom he had saved from the Riverside Bank had insisted that he should start a new bank, and they would go with him. They went with him, in a small banking room in the vicinity of Columbus Circle, where now the Broadway passerby sees the sign of "Mitchell The Tailor." It was a small room, so small that the lines used to form outside on Broadway with their deposit envelopes.

Henry Bizallion encouraged the automobile business because he saw a great future in it. He worked along with it and grew up with it. Today his bank handles nearly all of the larger



## United for the Nation's need

We are a people scattered over three million square miles of territory—a people whose daily commercial transactions and social interests are as wide-spread as our boundaries. Only a unified telephone service, covering the whole country, can serve our needs.

Such a service, in turn, requires a national organization with uniform policies and operating methods; and also in each community a local organization with full authority and responsibility for the problems of that community.

Such a service is the service of the Bell System. Two hundred and fifty

thousand employees and approximately six thousand local operating units cover the length and breadth of the land. Uniting these community organizations are the Associated Companies of the Bell System, each responsible for service in its territory. Linking together the Associated Companies is the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It operates the long distance lines, develops nationwide policies, standards of practice and equipment for the improvements of the service and for the benefit of all.

In this commonwealth of service the best interests of the nation and of the community are equally served.



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accounts in this great automobile selling district. By no means, however, is this the largest part of his business, as his general banking has expanded to such an extent that today the automobile business is less than twenty per cent of the whole. Nevertheless, he is known as New York's great automobile banker.

There are two kinds of bankers—outside and inside bankers. Most are "inside." Bizallion is an "outside." He goes to the "front porches" of those who may vote him their accounts; going in a wholesale way by radio, letters, newspapers, and the spoken word to office and factory assemblies. The result last year was one thousand new savings accounts each month, for the entire period of the twelve months. Being a good banker, he likes savings accounts, for he knows they are

profitable to bank and depositor. During the past year the number of depositors has doubled, and the number of tellers increased to thirty-nine.

President Bizallion always puts his customers first. I know this because I was told that there were certain men banking with him who preferred that as a matter of safety he take charge of their private lock boxes. That is what might be called up-to-date confidence. There is an air about this bank which stamps it with the western spirit, which may not mean anything except that I came from the West, and it seemed so refreshing to meet the homelike spirit of the Gotham National with which it has been infused by Henry A. Bizallion, "The Man from Vermont."



## WHAT A MISS!

Fred—Ophelia is a funny flapper.

Ned—How's that?

Fred—Well, last night when I stole a kiss and it landed on her chin, she said, "Heavens above."

—The Lehigh Burr.

Δ Δ Δ

She—Hello, Jack, how are you?

He—Wonderful, thanks.

She—Well, I'm glad some one thinks so.

—Yale Record.

Δ Δ Δ

Mickey—Do you believe kissing is contagious?

Vickey—Yes. When Dot accepted me last night I kissed her, then heard her old man roll over and kiss his bank roll good bye.

—Yellow Jacket.

Δ Δ Δ

Jr.—Pop, what is an ancestor?

Sr.—Well, I'm one.

Jr.—Yes, I know, but why do people brag about them?

—Juggler.

Δ Δ Δ

She—Jack said he'd kiss me or die in the attempt.

Her—Good, gracious, did you let him?

She—Well, you haven't seen any funeral notice, have you?

—Augwan.

Δ Δ Δ

## WHAT WE CALL THEM

80-90 pounds—Lean.

90-100 pounds—Skinny.

100-105 pounds—Thin.

105-107 pounds—Slim.

107-110 pounds—Good.

110-115 pounds—Just right.

115-120 pounds—Nicely rounded out.

120-125 pounds—Plump.

120-130 pounds—Rather plump.

130-140 pounds—Stout.

140-145 pounds—Fat.

145 pounds and up—Too dam heavy.

—Puppet.

Δ Δ Δ

Hank—Didn't she make a face at you when you tried to flirt with her?

Ford—Nope. Someone else made her face—all she did was to turn it toward me.

—Yellow Jacket.

Δ Δ Δ

"I like those religious girls."

"What do you mean religious?"

"Those kind that make you feel as if you were in heaven all the time you are near them."

—Froth.

Δ Δ Δ

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM, BUT WHO IN HELL WANTS A WORM?

—Moonshine.

Δ Δ Δ

Father—Mary, why did that young man linger so long in the hall?

Mary—Oh, he's a song salesman and was just demonstrating the latest hit.

Father—What is it?

Mary—A Kiss in the Dark.

—Puppet.

Long-winded Candidate—I want housing reform! I want land reform! I want educational reform. I want—

Voice from rear—What you want is chloroform.

—Augwan.

Δ Δ Δ

## MORE ROMANCE

He stood in the dark hallway and said,

"Dear, I've brought you roses."

She stood in the dark hallway and said,

"Dear, how cold your nose is."

—The Lehigh Burr.

Δ Δ Δ

TEACHER—WHO KNOWS WHAT RACES OF PEOPLE HAVE BLACK EYES?

LITTLE MARY—SHIEKS AND PRIZE FIGHTERS, TEACHER!

—Froth.

Δ Δ Δ

Weak Eyes—I want a pair of strong spectacles. I've just had a very painful experience that I don't want to repeat.

Oculist—Did you take a stranger for an acquaintance?

Weak Eyes—Worse than that. I took a tumblebee for a berry.

—Juggler.

Δ Δ Δ

Ma—Sonnie, you shouldn't smoke and chew so much.

Son—Ah gee, Ma, I've been smoking and chewing since I was six years old and here I'm seventy.

Ma—That don't make no difference. If you hadn't smoked or chewed so much, you'd be ninety by now.

—Jack-o-lantern.

Δ Δ Δ

SHE (BLUSHING)—SWEETHEART, IF YOU WILL ONLY MARRY ME, WE WILL LIVE ON LOVE, AND—

HE—YES, LOVE AND CANNED GOODS.

—Yellow Jacket.

Δ Δ Δ

"How did you like Scribbler's new novel?"

"Wonderful book, that; you know, it set me to thinking—"

"Yes, it is a wonderful book."

—Stanford Chapparral.

Δ Δ Δ

"Married yet, ol' man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's just as good."

"If you only knew it, it's better!"

—Flamingo

Δ Δ Δ

He (seeing all booths filled)—How soon can I get a party?

Operator (very fair and dumb)—Well, I'm on duty now, but at eight o'clock.

—Puppet.

Δ Δ Δ

She—You boob, why did you get up and leave the theatre when it was announced that Miss Earsplit would sing "Tomorrow?"

He—You don't think I was fool enough to wait there all night did you?

—Yellow Jacket.

## DESCRIPTIVE

The young mechanic stood looking at his newly purchased aeroplane. He was proud of it and was there telling his queen what a wonderful plane it really was.

"Gosh, June, she surely is a beaut!"

"But why do you always refer to it as 'she,' George?" the little woman asked.

"Because it's built like a million with beautiful curves. It is pretty darn fast and keeps its owner broke most all the time. Furthermore, without the least hesitation, it goes up in the air over everything."

—Jack-o-lantern.

Δ Δ Δ

He (proudly)—Yes, my great-grandfather came over on the *Mayflower*.

She—I could tell you were of old New England stock by the shape of your head.

He—How zat?

She—Oh! Er—kinder reminds me of Plymouth Rock.

—Yellow Jacket.

Δ Δ Δ

Arabella—... and then, she swept the room with a glance.

Godfrey—Huh! A lot of help that was to her mother.

—Juggler.

Δ Δ Δ

## THE DACHSHUND

Consider the Dachshund.

Oh woe is the beast!

He trots on four legs,

When he needs six at least.

—Jack-o-lantern.

Δ Δ Δ

Uncle Tim—What's the matter with your head?

Louie—Bumped it on the ceiling.

Uncle Tim—On a stepladder?

Louie—No, I was playing wiff papa on the floor, an' I was sittin' on his tummy an'—

Uncle Tim—Then what?

Louie—Papa sneezed!

—Augwan.

Δ Δ Δ

The professor had just finished reading a sentence aloud to the class when one of the students said, "Professor, there was one word I didn't catch."

"What was it?" asked the Prof.

—Puppet.

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## Giving Battle to a Billion-Dollar Bandit

Continued from page 80

years. He is the most versatile, the most capable inventive genius I have known." Dr. Maxim also paid particular tribute to Dr. Hutchison's work on the Naval Consulting Board, where these two distinguished men have served together.

### BEGINS HIS FIVE-YEAR SERVICE

Declining other reward than the consciousness of service for his beloved Dixieland, Dr. Hutchison is now on the job. He is rallying about him the best minds, the strongest forces available. He will alternate in his work on this important campaign between New York City and the Southern campaign headquarters at 903-906 Candler Building, Atlanta.

The first task at hand is the raising of a fund sufficient for carrying on extensive research and demonstration work under practical conditions for at least five years. It is confidently believed that within that length of time one of the most beneficent and most public-spirited movements in American history will be crowned with measurable success at least. But the work will be continued indefinitely until actual and complete victory over the boll weevil has been won. It is estimated that a fund of at least two and one-half million dollars will be required in order to prosecute the work to a successful conclusion, and subscriptions to that amount will be sought. Much substantial support has already been pledged.

Just what course the practical work of the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control will take remains to be determined. The immensity of the problem is clearly seen. It is approached with clear mind and vision, free from any preconceived or prejudiced convictions. At present the use of calcium arsenate is admittedly the best-known means for fighting the boll weevil, but its use is attended with considerable uncertainty. Perfection of present methods may be the solution of the problem, but it is hoped and believed that something better, something of the widest adaptability and most certain results will be discovered and perfected.

The campaign is unhampered by political considerations, by commercial connections, by direct association with any other organization, or by dogmatic ideas. It goes forward with a singleness of purpose—to rout the Mexican boll weevil, and to save the cotton crop of the United States for a normal, profitable production. It is firmly believed that, under the favorable auspices of its beginning, and with the strong forces behind it, the National Campaign for Boll Weevil Control will surely succeed in gaining a substantial victory over one of the most destructive pests in human history.

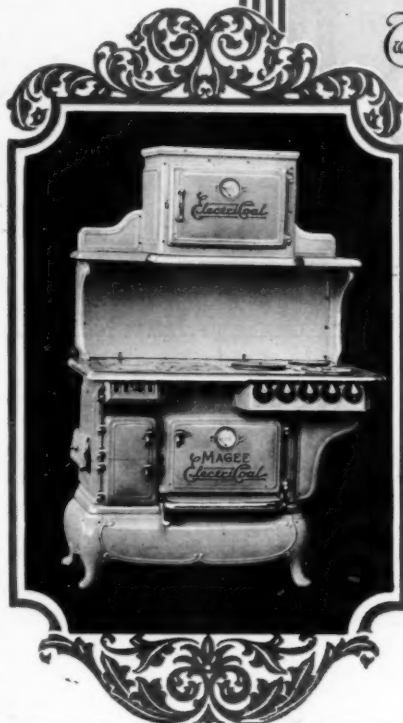
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This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion, that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double-strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.



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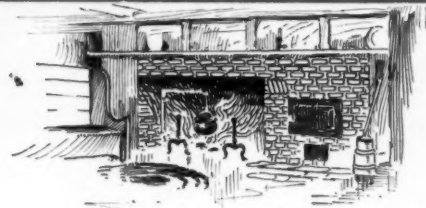
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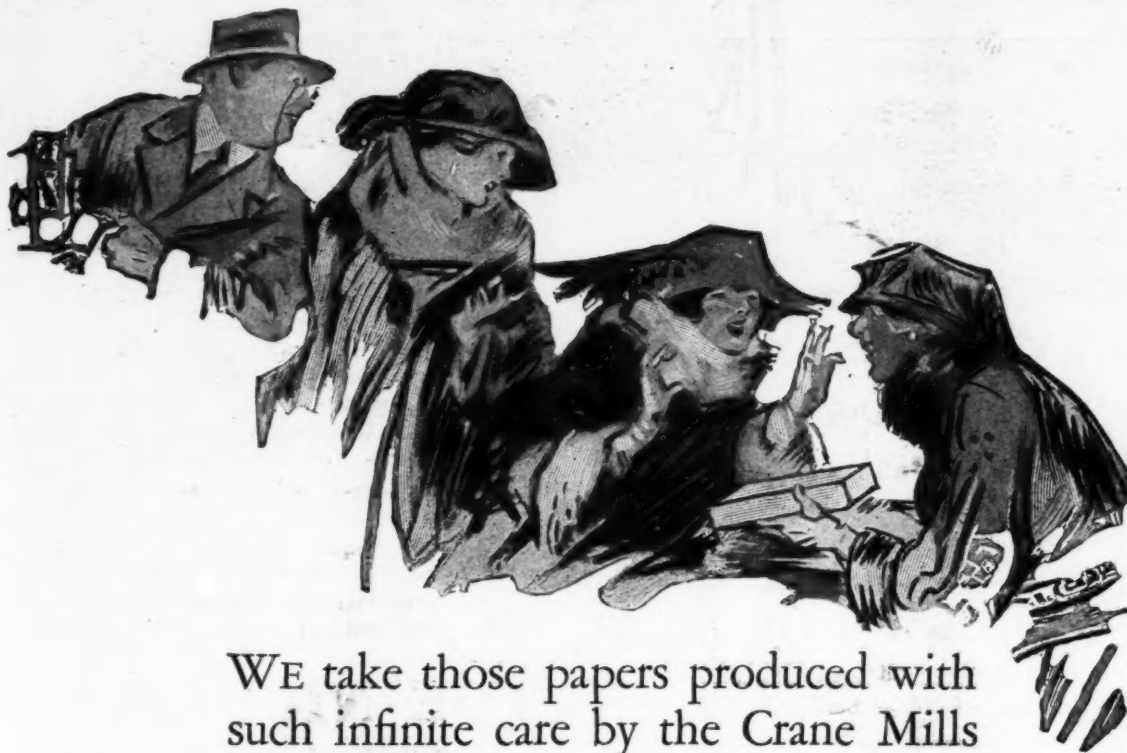
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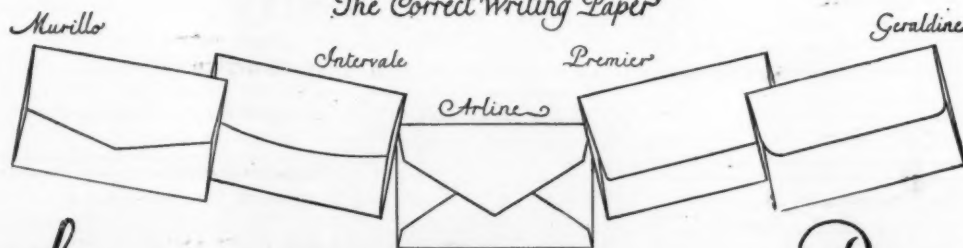
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Twice a week the Quaker housewives walked over to the markets with their

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\* \* \*

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